Couch

Choice
EMBLEMS
Divine & Moral

CHOICE

EMBLEMS,

DIVINE and MORAL,
ANTIENT and MODERN:

OR,

DELIGHTS

FOR THE

INGENIOUS,

IN ABOVE

Fifty Select EMBLEMS,

Curiously Ingraven upon Copper-Plates.

With Fifty Pleasant Poems and Lots, by way of Lottery, for Illustrating each Emblem, to promote Instruction and Good Counsel by Diverting Recreation.

The SIXTH EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for EDMUND PARKER, at the *Bible* and *Crown*, over against the New Church in *Lombard-Street*. 1732.

THE AUTHOR UPON THE EMBLEM IN THE FRONTISPIECE.

THis Book *containing* Emblems, *'twas thought fit*
A Title-Page *shou'd ſtand to uſher it*
That's Emblematical: And to that end,
Our Author *to the* Graver *did commend*
A plain Invention, that it might be wrought
According as his Fancy had forethought.
Inſtead thereof, the Workman *brought to light*
What here you ſee, therein miſtaking quite
The true Deſign: *And ſo (with Pains and Coſt)*
The firſt-intended Frontispiece *is loſt.*

The Author *was as much diſpleas'd, as He*
In ſuch Adventures is inclin'd to be;
And half reſolv'd to caſt this Piece *aſide,*
As nothing worth: but having better ey'd

Upon the FRONTISPIECE.

Thoſe Errors *and* Confuſions *which may there*
Blame-worthy (at the firſt aſpect) appear;
He ſaw they fitted many Fantaſies
Much better than what Reaſon *can deviſe,*
And that the Graver *(by meer* Chance*) had hit*
On what ſo much tranſcends the Reach of Wit,
As made it ſeem an Object of Delight,
To look on what MISFORTUNE *brought to light:*
And here it ſtands, to try his Wit *who liſts*
To pump the Secrets out of Cabaliſts.

If any think this Page *will now declare*
The Meaning of thoſe Figures *which are there,*
They are deceiv'd, for Deſtiny *denies*
The utt'ring of ſuch hidden Myſteries.
In theſe reſpects: Firſt, This *containeth nought*
Which (in a proper Senſe) concerneth ought
The Preſent Age: *Moreover, 'tis ordain'd*
That none muſt know the Secrecies *contain'd*
Within this PIECE, *but they who are ſo wiſe*
To find them out by their own Prudencies:
And he that can unriddle them to us,
Shall ſtiled be the ſecond OEDIPUS.

'Tis likewiſe thought expedient, now and then,
To make ſome Work *for thoſe* All-knowing Men,
(To exerciſe upon) who think they ſee
The Secret Meanings *of all things that be.*

And laſtly, ſince we find that ſome there are,
Who beſt affect Inventions *which appear*
Beyond their Underſtandings, This *we knew*
A Repreſentment *worthy of their View:*

And here we placed it, to be to theſe
A FRONTISPIECE *in any Senſe they pleaſe.*

Majeſty

Majesty in Misery:

OR, AN

IMPLORATION

TO THE

King *of* Kings.

WRITTEN

By his late MAJESTY *King* CHARLES *the First, with his own Hand, during his Captivity in* Carisbrook-Castle *in the* Isle of Wight, 1648.

1.

GREAT Monarch of the World, from whose Power springs
The Potency and Power of Kings,
Record the Royal Woe my Suffering sings.

2.

And teach my Tongue, that ever did confine
Its Faculties in Truth's Seraphick Line,
To track the Treasons of thy Foes and mine.

3.
Nature and Law by thy Divine Decree,
The only Root of Righteous Royalty,
With this dim Diadem invested me.

4.
With it the Sacred Scepter, Purple Robe,
The Holy Unction, and the Royal Globe;
Yet I am levell'd with the Life of *Job*.

5.
The fiercest Furies that do daily tread
Upon my Grief, my Gray Discrowned Head,
Are those that owe my Bounty for their Bread.

6.
They raise a War, and Christen it, *The Cause*,
Whilst Sacrilegious Hands have best Applause,
Plunder and Murder are the Kingdom's Laws.

7.
Tyranny bears the Title of *Taxation*,
Revenge and Robbery are *Reformation*,
Oppression gains the Name of *Sequestration*.

8.
My Loyal Subjects who in this bad Season
Attend me (by the Law of God and Reason)
They dare impeach and punish for High Treason.

9.
Next at the Clergy do their Furies frown,
Pious Episcopacy must go down,
They will destroy the Crozier and the Crown.

10.
Churchmen are chain'd, and Schismaticks are freed,
Mechanicks preach, and Holy Fathers bleed,
The Crown is Crucified with the Creed.

11.

The Church of *England* doth all Faction foster,
The Pulpit is usurpt by each Impostor,
Extempore excludes the *Pater-noster*.

12.

The Presbyter and Independent seed,
Springs with broad blades to make Religion bleed,
Herod and *Pontius Pilate* are agreed.

13.

The Corner-Stone's misplac'd by every Pavior;
With such a Bloody Method and Behaviour
Their Ancestors did crucify our Saviour.

14.

My Royal Consort, from whose fruitful Womb
So many Princes Legally have come,
Is forc'd in Pilgrimage to seek a Tomb.

15.

Great Britain's Heir is forced into *France*,
Whilst on his Father's Head his Foes advance;
Poor Child! he weeps out his Inheritance.

16.

With my own Power my Majesty they wound,
In the King's Name the King himself's uncrown'd,
So doth the Dust destroy the Diamond.

17.

With Propositions daily they enchant
My People's Ears, such as do Reason daunt,
And the Almighty will not let me Grant.

18.

They promise to erect my Royal Stem,
To make me Great, t'advance my Diadem,
If I will first fall down and worship them.

19.

But for Refuſal they devour my Thrones,
Diſtreſs my Children, and deſtroy my Bones,
I fear they'll force me to make Bread of Stones.

20.

My Life they prize at ſuch a ſlender rate,
And in my Abſence they draw Bills of hate,
To prove the King a Traytor to the State.

21.

Felons obtain more Privilege than I,
They are allow'd to anſwer e'er they die,
'Tis Death for me to aſk the Reaſon, why.

22.

But, Sacred Saviour, with thy Words I woo
Thee to forgive, and not be bitter to
Such as thou know'ſt do not know what they do.

23.

But ſince they from their Lord are ſo disjointed,
As to contemn thoſe Edicts he appointed,
How can they prize the Power of his Anointed?

24.

Augment my Patience, nullify my Hate,
Preſerve my Iſſue, and inſpire my Mate,
Yet, tho' we periſh, Bleſs this Church and State.

Vota dabunt quæ Bella negarunt.

The Explanation of the Emblem in Latin *and* Engliſh.

Ponderibus genus omne mali, probrique gravatus,
Vixque ferenda ferens, *Palma* ut *depreſſa*, reſurgo.
Ac velut undarum *Fluctus Ventique*, furorem,
Irati Populi *Rupes immota* repello.
Clarior e Tenebris, Cœleſtis Stella, coruſco,
Victor & æternum felici pace *Triumpho*.
Auro *Fulgentem* rutilo gemmiſque Micantem,
At curis *Gravidam* ſpernendo *Calco Coronam*.
Spinoſam, at *ferri facilem*, quo *ſpes mea*, Chriſti
Auxilio, nobis non eſt *tractare* moleſtum;
Æternam, fixis fidei, ſemperque *beatam*,
In Cælos occulis *ſpecto*, nobiſque paratam.
Quod *Vanum* eſt ſperno, quod Chriſti *Gratia* præbet
Amplecti Studium eſt; Virtutis *Gloria* merces.

In *Engliſh*.

THO' clogg'd with *weights* of Miſeries,
Palm-like depreſs'd I higher riſe.
And as the *unmov'd Rock* out-braves
The boiſtrous *Winds* and raging *Waves*,

So

Epitaphs upon K. Charles *I.*

So *Triumph* I, and *ſhine more bright*
In ſad Afflictions Darkſom night.
That *Splendid*, but yet *Toilſom* Crown,
Regardleſly I *trample* down.
With Joy I take this Crown of *Thorn*,
Though *Sharp*, yet *eaſy to be born.*
That *Heavenly* Crown already mine,
I *view* with Eyes of Faith Divine.
I ſlight *vain* things; and do imbrace
Glory, the juſt reward of *Grace.*

An Epitaph upon King *Charles* the Firſt.

SO falls the ſtately Cedar, while it ſtood,
That was the only Glory of the Wood.
Great *Charles*, Terreſtrial God, Celeſtial Man,
Whoſe life, like others, though it were a ſpan,
Yet in that ſpan was comprehended more,
Than Earth hath waters, or the Ocean ſhore.
Thy Heavenly Virtues Angels ſhould reherſe,
It is a Theam too high for Human Verſe.
He that would know thee right then, let him look
Upon thy rare Incomparable Book,
And read it o're and o're; which if he do,
He'll find thee *King*, and *Prieſt* and *Prophet* too,

And

And ſadly ſee our loſs, and though in vain,
With fruitleſs wiſhes call thee back again.
Nor ſhall oblivion ſit upon thy Herſe,
Though there were neither Monument nor Verſe.
Thy Suff'rings and thy Death let no Man name,
It was thy Glory, but the Kingdom's ſhame.

Another.

STay Paſſenger; behold and ſee,
The widdow'd Grave of Majeſty.
Why trembleſt not? here's that will make
The moſt ſtupid Soul to ſhake,
Here lies intomb'd the ſacred Duſt,
Of Peace and Piety, Right and Juſt.
The Blood (O ſtart'ſt thou not to hear!)
Of a bleſt King 'twixt hope and fear,
Shed, and hurried hence to be
The Miracle of Miſery.
The Lawgiver amongſt his own,
Sentenc'd by a Law unknown;
Voted Monarchy to Death,
By the coarſe *Plebeian* breath.
The Sovereign of all Command
Suffering by a Common Hand.
A Prince (to make the *Odium* more)
Martyr'd at his very door.
The Head cut off! Oh, Death to ſee't,
In Obedience to the Feet!

And

And that by Juſtice you muſt know,
If thou haſt faith to think it ſo;
We'll ſtir no further than this ſacred clay,
But let it ſlumber till the Judgment day.
Of all the Kings on Earth, it's not deny'd,
Here lies the firſt that for Religion dy'd.

Another.

Written by the Magnanimous James *Marquis of* Montroſs *with the Point of his Sword.*

GReat, Good, and Juſt, could I but rate
My Grief, and thy ſo rigid Fate.
I'de weep the world to ſuch a ſtrain,
That it ſhould deluge once again.
But ſince thy loud-tongu'd blood demands ſupplies
More from *Briareus* Hands than *Argus* Eyes;
I'le ſing thy Elegy with Trumpets ſounds,
And write thy Epitaph in Blood and Wounds.

TO THE

READER.

IT is probable, that if some Books had not been composed pleasantly, and suitable to mean Capacities, many Persons had not been so delighted in reading, and thereby in time have attained to more useful Knowledge. Therefore tho' I can say no more to dissuade from Vice, or to incourage Men to Virtue, than hath already been done by many learned Authors, yet these lively Emblems may chance to bring that oftner to Remembrance which they have more learnedly express'd; and perhaps by such Circumstances as they would not descend unto, may insinuate farther into some Understandings than more applauded Discourses, by stirring up the Affections, winning the Attention, or helping the Memory.

And since the World is grown so very airy, that the Printing of solid and serious Treatises hath many times undone the Bookseller, to advance their Profits, I was moved to invent somewhat which might be likely to please the Populace, and have

have therefore added Lotteries to theſe Emblems, to occaſion the more frequent Notice *of the Morals and good Counſels tender'd in their Illuſtrations; hoping that ſome time or other, ſome Perſons may draw thoſe Lots which may make them more wiſe and happy as long as they live.*

Poſſibly this Device may be cenſured, and reputed as great an Indecorum *as erecting an Alehouſe at the Church-ſtile; yet perhaps if the* Wiſeſt *would ſometimes take up this Book, and without any ſuperſtitious Conceit, make Tryal what their Lots would remember or give them cauſe to think on, it might now and then either occaſion better Proceedings, or prevent worſe Miſchiefs.*

Some Games were ever in uſe, and I think ever will be; and for ought I know, ever may be without Exception: and I believe this Recreation may be as harmleſs as any, if they be uſed as they are intended; for my Meaning is not that any one ſhould uſe it as an Oracle, *which can infallibly ſignify what is divinely allotted, but to ſerve only for a* Moral Paſtime: *And that I may by no means incourage the ſecret Entertainment of ſuch a Fancy, I do here previouſly affirm and declare, that none but Children or Idiots may be tollerated to be ſo fooliſh without being laugh'd at.*

Yet if any ſhall draw thoſe Lots wherein their ſecret Vices are reprov'd, and ſome good Inſtra-

ctions

ctions propos'd, which in their own Understandings are conducible and pertinent to their welfare, let not such as those pass them over as meer Casualties to them; for whatsoever these Lots are to others, or in themselves, they ought to be particularly regarded and applied by them to their own Concerns.

Some perhaps will think, that this Game is purposely invented as a means to reprove Mens Vices, without being suspected to aim at particular Persons; for if any, who are notoriously guilty, *by drawing these Chances shall be so fitted, that those Vices be thereby intimated to the by-standers, of which the World knows them guilty, they do therein make their own* Libels, *and may, I hope, be laugh'd at without blame: if not, I do here warn all such as are justly suspected of heinous Crimes and scandalous Conversations, either to forbear these Lotteries, or to excuse me if they be justly shamed by their own Act.*

Having thus declared the reason of this Invention, and made these Anticipations, every Man hath his own Choice, whether he will make use of these Lotteries or no; he that will is left to his Chance, of which how he may make Tryal, Direction is given at the latter end of this Book.

R. B.

Emblem I.

Finis ab Origine pendet.

The

Beatam, ac Æternam
Gloria
Clarior e tenebris
Cœli Specta
Asperam at Levem
Christi Tracto
Splendidam at Gravem
Vanitas
Mundi Calco.

THE First Emblem Illuſtrated.

As ſoon as we to Be begun,
We did begin to be undone.

WHen ſome, in former Ages, had a meaning
An *Emblem* of *Mortality* to make,
They form'd an *Infant* on a *Death's-Head* leaning,
And round about encircled with a *Snake.*
The *Child* ſo pictur'd was to ſignifie,
That from our very *Birth* our *Dying* ſprings:
The *Snake*, her *Tail devouring*, doth imply
The *Revolution* of all Earthly things.
For whatſoever hath *Beginning* here,
Begins immediately to vary from

The ſame it was; and doth at laſt appear
What very few did think it ſhou'd become.

The ſolid *Stone* doth molder into *Earth*,
That *Earth* e'er long to *Water* rarifies,
That *Water* gives an *Airy Vapour* Birth,
And thence a *Fiery Comet* doth ariſe:
That moves until it ſelf it ſo impair,
That from a *burning Meteor* back again,
It ſinketh down and thickens into *Air*;
That *Air* becomes a *Cloud*; then *Drops of Rain*:
Thoſe *Drops* deſcending on a *Rocky Ground*,
There ſettle into *Earth*, which more and more
Doth harden ſtill; ſo running out the *round*,
It grows to be the *Stone* it was before.

Thus all things wheel about, and each *Beginning*
Made Entrance to its own *Deſtruction* hath.
The *Life* of *Nature* entreth in with *Sinning*,
And is for ever waited on by *Death*.

The *Life* of *Grace* is form'd by *Death* to *Sin*,
And there doth *Life Eternal* ſtrait begin.

Lot 1.

WHEN thou haſt Changes good or bad,
O'erjoy'd thou art, or overſad:
As if it ſeemed very ſtrange,
To ſee the Wind or Weather change.

Lo therefore to remember thee
How Changeable Things Mortal be,
Thou art aſſiſted by this Lot,
Now let it be no more forgot.

Emblem II.

Quo me vertam neſcio.

THE Second Emblem Illuſtrated.

When Vice and Vertue Youth ſhall wooe,
'Tis hard to ſay which way 'twill go.

MY hopeful *Friends*, at thrice five Years and three,
Without a *Guide* (into the World alone)
To ſeek my *Fortune* did adventure me;
And many Hazards I alighted on.
Firſt *England's* greateſt *Rendezvous* I ſought,
Where VICE and VERTUE at the higheſt ſit;
And thither both a *Mind* and *Body* brought,
For neither of their Services unfit.

Both woo'd my *Youth*, and both perſuaded ſo,
That (like the *young Man* in our *Emblem* here)
I ſtood and cry'd, *Ah! which way ſhall I go?*
To me ſo pleaſing both their Offers were.
VICE *Pleaſures* beſt Contentments promis'd me,
And what the wanton *Fleſh* deſires to have.
Quoth VERTUE, *I will Wiſdom give to thee,*
And thoſe brave things which nobleſt Minds do crave.
Serve me, ſaid VICE, *and thou ſhalt ſoon acquire*
All thoſe Atchievements which my Service brings.
Serve me, ſaid VERTUE, *and I'll raiſe thee higher*
Than VICES *can, and teach thee better things.*
Whilſt thus they ſtrove to gain me, I eſpy'd
Grim *Death* attending VICE; and that her Face
Was but a painted *Vizard*, which did hide
The foul'ſt Deformity that ever was.
LORD, *grant me Grace for evermore to view*
Her Uglineſs; And that I viewing it,
Her Falſehoods and Allurements may eſchew,
And on fair VERTUE *my Affection ſet;*

Her Beauties contemplate, her Love embrace,
And by her ſafe Direction run my Race.

Lot 2.

WITH *Mary*, thou art one of thoſe,
By whom the better part is choſe:
And tho' thou tempted art aſtray,
Continu'ſt in a lawful way.

Give God the Praiſe with Heart unfeign'd,
That he ſuch Grace to thee hath deign'd.
And view thy Lot, where thou ſhalt ſee,
What Hag hath laid a Trap for thee

Emblem III.

Vivitur Ingenio, cætera mortis erunt.

THE Third Emblem Illuſtrated.

By Knowledge only Life *we gain,*
All other Things to Death *pertain.*

HOW fond are they who ſpend their precious Time
In ſtill purſuing their deceiving *Pleaſures*?
And they that unto airy *Titles* climb,
Or tire themſelves in hording up of *Treaſures*?
For theſe are *Death's*, who, when with Wearineſs
They have acquir'd moſt, ſweeps all away;
And leaves them for their Labours, to poſſeſs
Nought but a raw-bon'd *Carcaſs* lapt in Clay.

Of

Of twenty hundred thouſands, who this hour
Vaunt much of thoſe *Poſſeſſions* they have got,
Of their new purchas'd *Honours*, or the *Power*,
By which they ſeem to have advanc'd their *Lot*:
Of this great *Multitude*, there ſhall not *Three*
Remain for any *future Age* to know,
But periſh quite, and quite forgotten be,
As *Beaſts* devoured twice ten Years ago.

Thou therefore who deſir'ſt for ay to live,
And to poſſeſs thy *Labours* maugre *Death*,
To needful *Arts*, and honeſt *Actions*, give
Thy Span of *Time*, and thy ſhort Blaſt of *Breath*.
In holy *Studies* exerciſe thy *Mind*;
In Works of *Charity* thy *Hands* imploy;
That *Knowledge* and that *Treaſure* ſeek to find,
Which may enrich thy *Heart* with perfect *Joy*.
So tho' obſcured thou appear a while,
Deſpiſed, poor, or born to Fortunes low,
Thy *Vertue* ſhall acquire a nobler ſtile,
Than greateſt *Kings* are able to beſtow;

And gain thee thoſe *Poſſeſſions*, which nor *they*,
Nor *Time*, nor *Death* have Pow'r to take away.

Lot 3.

THOU doſt over-much reſpect
That which will thy Harm effect.
But ſome other things there be
Which will more advantage thee.

Search thy Heart, and thou ſhalt there
Soon diſcover what they are.
Yea, thine Emblem ſhews thee too,
What to ſhun, and what to do.

Emblem IV.

ΠΑΝΤΑ ΛΕΛΟΙΠΑ.

The

THE
Fourth Emblem
Illuſtrated.

As to the World I Naked came,
So Naked ſtript I leave the ſame.

THrice happy is that Man whoſe *Thoughts* do rear
His Mind above that pitch the *Worldling* flies;
And, by his *Contemplations*, hovers where
He views Things Mortal with unbleared Eyes.
What Trifles then do *Villages* and *Towns*,
Large *Fields*, or *Flocks* of fruitful *Cattle* ſeem?
Nay, what poor things are *Mitres*, *Septers*, *Crowns*,
And all thoſe *Glories* which Men moſt eſteem.

Tho'

Tho' he that hath among them his Delight,
Brave things imagins them (becauſe they blind
With ſome falſe Luſtre his beguiled Sight)
He that's above them their Mean Worth may find.

Lord, to that *Bleſſed Station* me convey,
Where I may view the *World*, and view her ſo,
That I her true Condition may ſurvey,
And all her Imperfections rightly know.
Remember me, that once there was a Day,
When thou didſt wean me from them with content,
Ev'n when ſhut up within thoſe *Gates* I lay
Thro' which the *Plague-inflicting Angel* went,
And let me ſtill remember, that an Hour
Is hourly coming on, wherein I ſhall
(Tho' I had all the *World* within my Power)
Be naked ſtript, and turned out of all.
But mind me chiefly, that I never cleave
Too cloſely to my *Self*; and cauſe thou me
Not other Earthly things alone to leave,
But to forſake my *Self* for love of *Thee*.

That I may ſay, now *I have all things left*,
Before that I of all things am bereft.

Lot. 4.

BE not angry if I tell,
That you love the World too well;
For this Lot perhaps you drew,
That ſuch Faults you might eſchew.

Mark to what their Souls aſpire
Who true Bleſſedneſs deſire;
For if you can do like thoſe,
Heav'n you gain, when Earth you loſe.

Emblem V.

Ad Scopum, licet Ægre, & fruſtra.

THE
Fifth Emblem
Illuſtrated.

A Fool in Folly taketh Pain,
Altho' he labour ſtill in vain:

A Maſſy *Mill-Stone* up a tedious Hill,
With mighty Labour, *Siſyphus* doth roll;
Which being rais'd aloft, down tumbleth ſtill,
To keep imployed his afflicted *Soul.*
On him this tedious Labour is impos'd;
And (tho' in vain) it muſt be ſtill aſſay'd:
But ſome, by no Neceſſity inclos'd,
Upon themſelves ſuch needleſs Tasks have laid.
Yea, knowing not (or caring not to know)
That they are worn and weary'd out in vain,

They

They madly toil to plunge themſelves in Woe;
And ſeek uncertain *Eaſe* in certain *Pain.*

Such *Fools* are they, who dream they can acquire
A Mind content, by *lab'ring ſtill for more:*
For *Wealth* encreaſing doth encreaſe *Deſire,*
And makes *Contentment* leſſer than before.

Such *Fools* are they, whoſe *Hopes* do vainly ſtretch
To climb by *Titles* to a happy Height:
For having gotten one *Ambitious Reach,*
Another comes perpetually in ſight.
And their Stupidity is nothing leſs,
Who dream that *Fleſh* and *Blood* may raiſed be
Up to the *Mount of perfect Holineſs:*
For (at our beſt) corrupt and vile are we.
Yet we are bound by *Faith,* with *Love,* and *Hope,*
To roll the Stone of *Good Endeavour* ſtill,
As near as may be, to *Perfection's Top,*
Tho' back again it tumble down the *Hill.*

So what our *Works* had never Power to do,
God's Grace at laſt ſhall freely bring us to.

Lot 5.

M.

DOubtleſs you are either Wooing,
Or ſome other Bus'neſs doing,
Which you ſhall attempt in vain,
Or much hazard all your Pain.

Yet if good your Meanings are,
Do not honeſt Means forbear.
For where things are well begun,
God oft works when Man hath done.

Emblem VI.

Pedetentim.

The

THE Sixth Emblem Illuſtrated.

His Pace muſt wary be, and ſlow,
That hath a ſlippery way to go.

A Traveller, when he muſt undertake
To ſeek his Paſſage o'er ſome *Frozen Lake*,
With *Leiſure* and with *Care* he will aſſay
The Glaſſy Smoothneſs of that *Icy Way* ;
Leſt he may *ſlip* by walking over-faſt,
Or break the crackling *Pavement* by his haſte :
And ſo (for want of better taking heed)
Incur the Miſchiefs of *Unwary Speed.*

We

We are all *Travellers* ; and all of us
Have many Paſſages as dangerous
As *Frozen Lakes* ; and *Slippery Ways* we tread,
In which our Lives may ſoon be forfeited,
(With all our Hopes of *Life Eternal* too)
Unleſs we well conſider what we do.
There is no private *Way* or publick *Path*,
But Rubs, or Holes, or Slip'rineſs it hath,
Whereby we ſhall with *Miſchiefs* meet ; unleſs
We walk it with a *ſtedfaſt Warineſs*.

The Steps to *Honour* are on *Pinacles*
Compos'd of melting Snow, and Iſicles ;
And they who tread not nicely on their tops,
Shall on a ſuddain ſlip from all their *Hopes*.
Yea, ev'n that Way which is both ſure and Holy,
And leads the Mind from Vanities and Folly,
Is with ſo many other *Path-ways* croſt,
As that by Raſhneſs it may ſoon be loſt ;
Unleſs we well deliberate upon
Thoſe *Tracks* in which our *Anceſtors* have gone.

And they who with more *Haſte* than *Heed* will
run,
May loſe the Way in which they well begun.

Lot 6.

IN ſlipp'ry Paths you are to go,
Yea, they are full of Danger too ;
And if you heedful ſhou'd not grow,
They'll hazard much your overthrow.

But you the Miſchief may eſchew,
If wholſome Counſel you purſue :
Look therefore what you may be taught,
By that which this your Chance hath brought.

Emblem VII.

Pro Lege & pro Grege.

THE
Seventh Emblem
Illuſtrated.

Our Pelican, by bleeding thus,
Fulfill'd the Law, and cured us.

LOok here and mark (her ſickly Birds to feed)
How freely this kind *Pelican* doth bleed.
See how (when other *Salves* cou'd not be found)
To cure their Sorrows, ſhe her ſelf doth wound:
And when this holy *Emblem* thou ſhalt ſee,
Lift up thy Soul to him who dy'd for thee.

For this our *Hieroglyphick* wou'd expreſs,
That *Pelican*, which in the *Wilderneſs*

Of this vaſt *World*, was left (as all alone)
Our miſerable *Nature* to bemoan ;
And in whoſe Eyes the Tears of Pity ſtood,
When he beheld his own unthankful *Brood*
His *Favours* and his *Mercies* then contemn,
When with his Wings he wou'd have brooded them:
And ſought their endleſs Peace to have confirm'd,
Tho' to procure his Ruin they were arm'd.

To be their *Food* himſelf he freely gave ;
His *Heart* was pierc'd, that he their *Souls* might ſave.
Becauſe they diſobey'd the *Sacred Will*,
He did the *Law of Righteouſneſs* fulfil ;
And to that end (tho' guiltleſs he had been)
Was offer'd for our *Univerſal Sin*.

Let me, Oh *God!* for ever fix mine Eyes
Upon the Merit of that *Sacrifice*:
Let me retain a due Commemoration
Of thoſe dear *Mercies* and that bloody *Paſſion*
Which here is meant ; and, by true *Faith*, ſtill feed
Upon the Drops this *Pelican* did bleed :

Yea, let me firm unto thy *Law* abide,
And ever love that *Flock* for which he dy'd.

Lot 7.

THis preſent Lot concerns full near,
Not you alone, but all Men here:
For all of us too little heed
His Love, who for our ſakes did bleed.

'Tis true, that means he left behind him,
Which better teacheth how to mind him.
Yet if we both by that and this
Remember him, 'tis not amiſs.

Emblem VIII.

Quid si sic?

THE
Eighth Emblem
Illuſtrated.

Tho' he endeavour all he can,
An Ape will never be a Man.

WHat tho' an *Apiſh-Pigmy* in Attire,
His Dwarfiſh Body *Gyant-like* array?
Turn *Brave*, and get him *Stilts* to ſeem the higher?
What would ſo doing handſome him, I pray?
Now ſurely ſuch a Mimick ſight as that,
Wou'd with exceſſive Laughter move your Spleen,
Till you had made the little *Dandiprat*,
To lie within ſome Auger-hole unſeen.

I muſt confeſs I cannot chuſe but ſmile,
When I perceive how Men that worthleſs are,
Piece out their *Imperfections* to beguile,
By making ſhows of what they never were.
For in their *borrow'd Shapes* I know thoſe Men,
And (thro' their *Masks)* ſuch inſight of them have,
That I can oftentimes diſcloſe (ev'n then)
How much they ſavour of the *Fool* or *Knave.*

A *Pigmy Spirit* and an *Earthly Mind,*
Whoſe look is only fix'd on Objects vain,
In my eſteem ſo mean a place doth find,
That ev'ry ſuch a one I much refrain.
But when in honour'd *Robes* I ſee it put,
Betrim'd as if ſome thing of *Worth* it were,
Look big, and on the *Stilts* of *Greatneſs* ſtrut;
From ſcorning it I cannot then forbear.
For when to groſs *Unworthineſs*, Men add
Thoſe Dues which to the *trueſt Worth* pertain;
'Tis like an *Ape* in *Human Veſtments* clad,
Which when moſt fine, deſerveth moſt diſdain:

And more abſur'd thoſe Men appear to me,
Than this *fantaſtick Monkey* ſeems to thee.

Lot 8.

M.

THY Chance is doubtful, and as yet
I know not what to make of it.
But this I know, a Foe thou art
To what thine Emblem hath, in part,

Expreſſed by a Mimick Shape;
Or thou thy ſelf art ſuch an Ape.
Now which of theſe pertains to thee,
Let them that know thee Judges be.

Emblem IX.

Fures Privati in Nervo, Publici in Auro.

The

THE
Ninth Emblem
Illuſtrated.

Poor Thieves in Halters we behold,
And Great Thieves in their Chains of Gold.

IF you this *Emblem* well have look'd upon,
Altho' you cannot help it, yet bemoan
The World's black Impudence; and if you can,
Continue (or become) an honeſt Man.
The poor and petty *Pilferers*, you ſee
On *Wheels*, on *Gibbets*, and the *Gallows-Tree*
Truſt up; when they that far more guilty are,
Pearl, Silk, and coſtly Cloth of Tiſſue wear.

Good

Good *God!* how many hath each *Land* of thoſe,
Who neither Limb, nor Life, nor Credit loſe,
(But rather live befriended and applauded)
Yet have, of all their Livelihoods, defrauded
The helpleſs *Widows* in their great Diſtreſs?
And of their Portions rob'd the *Fatherleſs*?
Yet cenſur'd others Errors, as if none
Had cauſe to ſay, that they amiſs have done?
How many have aſſiſted to condemn
Poor Souls, for what was never ſtoln by them?
And perſecuted others, for that Sin
Which they themſelves had more tranſgreſſed in?
How many worthleſs Men are great become,
By that which they have ſtoln, or cheated from
Their *Lords*? or (by ſome Practices unjuſt)
From thoſe by whom they had been put in truſt?
How many *Lawyers* wealthy Men are grown,
By taking Fees for *Cauſes* overthrown
By their Defaults? How many, without Fear,
Do rob the *King* and *God*, yet blameleſs are?

God knows how many! wou'd I did ſo too,
So I had Pow'r to make them better do.

Lot 9.

WE hope no Perſon here believes,
That you are of thoſe wealthy Thieves,
Who Chains of Gold and Pearl do wear:
And of thoſe Thieves that none you are

Which wear a Rope, we plainly ſee;
For you as yet unhanged be.
But unto God for Mercy cry;
Elſe hang'd you may be e're you die.

Emblem X.

Emblem X.

Fulcrum Tutiſſimum.

THE
Tenth Emblem
Illuſtrated.

We then have got the ſureſt Prop,
When Heaven alone becomes our Hope.

I Shou'd not care how hard my *Fortunes* were,
Might ſtill my *Hopes* be ſuch as now they are,
Of Helps Divine; nor fear how poor I be,
If Thoughts yet preſent ſtill may bide in me.
For they have left aſſurance of ſuch *Aid*,
That I am of no Dangers now afraid.

Yea, now I ſee, methinks, what weak and vain
Supporters I have ſought, to help ſuſtain

My

My fainting Heart, when ſome injurious Hand,
Wou'd undermine the Station where I ſtand.
Methinks I ſee how ſcurvy, and how baſe
It is, to ſcrape for Favours and for Grace,
To Men of earthly Minds; and unto thoſe,
Who may perhaps before to morrow, loſe
Their Wealth, (or their abus'd Authority)
And ſtand as much in want of Help as I.

Methinks in this *new Rapture*, I do ſee
The Hand of *God* from Heav'n ſupporting me,
Without thoſe *rotten Aids*, for which I whin'd
When I was of my t'other *vulgar Mind*;
And if in ſome one part of me it lay,
I now cou'd cut that *Limb* of mine away.
Still might I keep this Mind, there were enough
Within my ſelf, (beſide that cumbring Stuff
We ſeek *without)* which, husbanded aright,
Wou'd make me *rich* in all the *World's* deſpight.
And I have hopes, that had ſhe quite bereft me
Of thoſe few *Rags* and *Toys* which yet are left me,

I ſhou'd on *God* alone ſo much depend,
That I ſhou'd need nor *Wealth*, nor other *Friend*.

Lot. 10.

BEcauſe her Aid makes goodly ſhows,
You on the World your Truſt repoſe;
And his Dependance you deſpiſe,
Who clearly on Heaven's Help relies.

That therefore you may come to ſee,
How pleas'd and ſafe thoſe Men may be,
Who have no Aid but God alone;
This Emblem you have lighted on.

Emblem XI.

Serva Modum.

THE Eleventh Emblem Illuſtrated.

Do not the Golden Mean exceed,
In Word, in Paſſion, nor in Deed.

AS is the head-ſtrong *Horſe*, and blockiſh *Mule*,
Ev'n ſuch, without the *Bridle* and the *Rule*,
Our *Nature* grows; and is as miſchievous,
Till *Grace* and *Reaſon* come to govern us.
The *Square* and *Bridle* therefore let us heed,
And thereby learn to know what *Helps* we need;
Leſt elſe (they failing timely to be had)
Quite out of *Order* we at length be made.

The

The *Square* (which is an uſeful *Inſtrument*,
To ſhape forth ſenſeleſs *Forms)* may repreſent
The *Law:* Becauſe *Mankind* (which is by Nature
Almoſt as dull as is the *ſenſeleſs creature)*
Is thereby from the *native Rudeneſs* wrought,
And in the *Way* of honeſt living taught.
The *Bridle*, (which Invention did contrive,
To rule and guide the *Creature-ſenſitive)*
May type forth *Diſcipline*; which when the *Law*
Hath ſchool'd the *Wit*, muſt keep the *Will* in awe.
And he that can by theſe his *Paſſions* bound,
This *Emblem's* Meaning, uſefully, hath found.

Lord, let thy ſacred *Law* at all times be,
A *Rule*, a *Maſter*, and a *Glaſs* to me;
(A *Bridle* and a *Light)* that I may, ſtill,
Both know my *Duty*, and obey thy *Will.*
Direct my *Feet*, my *Hands* inſtruct thou ſo,
That I may neither *wander* nor *miſ-do.*
My *Looks*, my *Hearing*, and my *Words* confine,
To keep ſtill firm to ev'ry *Word* of thine.

On thee let alſo my *Deſires* attend,
And let me hold this *Temper* till mine end.

Lot 11.

YOUR Wits, your Wiſhes, and your Tongue
Have run the Wild-Gooſe-Chaſe too long:
And (leſt all Reaſon you exceed)
Yo now of Rule and Reins have need.

A Bridle therefore and a Square,
Chief Figures in your Emblem are.
Obſerve their Moral, and alway
Be wiſe and ſober as you may.

Emblem XII.

Emblem XII.

Paupertate premor, ſublevor Ingenio.

The

THE
Twelfth Emblem
Illuſtrated.

My Wit got Wings, and high had flown,
But Poverty did keep me down.

YOU little think what plague it is to be
In plight like *him*, whom pictur'd here you ſee.
His *winged Arm*, and his *up-lifted Eyes*,
Declare that he hath *Wit*, and *Will*, to riſe:
The *Stone*, which clogs his other *Hand*, may ſhow,
That *Poverty* and *Fortune* keep him low:
And 'twixt theſe *two*, the *Body* and the *Mind*,
Such Labours and ſuch great Vexations find,
That,

That, If you did not ſuch Mens Wants contemn,
You cou'd not chuſe but help, or pity them.
All Ages had (and this I know hath ſome)
Such Men as to this Miſery do come:
And many of them at their *Lot* ſo grieve,
As if they knew (or did at leaſt believe)
That had their *Wealth* ſuffic'd them to aſpire
(To what their *Wits deſerve*, and *they deſire*)
The preſent Age, and future Ages too,
Might Gain have had from what they thought to do.

Perhaps I dream'd ſo once: But, God be prais'd,
The *Clog* which kept me down from being rais'd,
Was chain'd ſo faſt, that (if ſuch *Dreams* I had)
My *Thoughts* and *Longings* are not now ſo mad.
For plain I ſee, that had my *Fortunes* brought
Such *Wealth* at firſt as my ſmall *Wit* hath ſought,
I might my ſelf and others have undone,
Inſtead of *Courſes* which I thought to run:
I find my *Poverty* for me was fit;
Yea, and a *Bleſſing* greater than my *Wit.*

And whether now I *rich* or *poor* become,
'Tis nor much *pleaſing* nor much *troubleſom.*

Lot 12.

THou think'ſt thy Wit had made thee Great,
Had Poverty not been ſome let:
But had thy Wealth as ample been,
As thou didſt think thy Wit ſo fine,

Inſtead of thy deſired height,
Perhaps thou hadſt been ruin'd quite.
Hereafter therefore be content
With whatſoever Heav'n hath ſent.

Emblem XIII.

Stultorum Adjumenta Nocumenta.

The

THE
Thirteenth Emblem
Illuſtrated.

The beſt Good Turns that Fools can do us,
Prove Diſadvantages unto us.

A *Fool* ſent forth to fetch the *Goſlings* home,
When they unto a River's brink were come,
(Thro' which their Paſſage lay) conceiv'd a Fear,
His Dame's beſt *Brood* might have been drowned there;
Which to avoid, he thus did ſhew his Wit,
And his good Nature in preventing it:
He underneath his *Girdle* thruſts their Heads,
And then the Coxcomb thro' the Water wades.

Here learn, that when a *Fool* his help intends,
It rather doth a Miſchief than befriends;
And think, if there be Danger in his *Love*,
How harmful his *Maliciouſneſs* may prove:
For from his *Kindneſs* tho' no Profit riſe,
To do thee ſpight his *Malice* may ſuffice.
I could not from a *Prince* beſeech a Boon,
By ſuing to his *Jeſter* or *Buffoon*:
Nor any Fool's vain Humour ſooth or ſerve
To get my Bread, tho' I were like to ſtarve.
For to be *poor* I ſhould not bluſh ſo much,
As if a *Fool* ſhou'd raiſe me to be *rich*.

Lord, tho' of ſuch a kind my Faults may be,
That ſharp *Affliction* ſtill muſt tutor me,
(And give me due *Correction* in her Schools)
Yet, oh preſerve me from the Scorn of *Fools*.
Thoſe wicked *Fools*, that in their Hearts have ſaid
There is no God; and rather give me *Bread*
By *Ravens*, LORD, or in a *Lion's* Den,
Than by the Favours of ſuch fooliſh Men;

Leſt if their *Dainties* I ſhould ſwallow down,
Their *Smile* might more undo me than their *Frown*.

Lot. 13.

THou doſt not greatly care by whom
Thy Wealth, or thy Preferments come;
So thou may'ſt get them, Fool or Knave,
Thy Prayers and thy Praiſe may have.

Becauſe thou doſt not fear nor dream
What diſadvantage comes by them:
But by thine Emblem, thou may'ſt ſee,
Fools Favours miſchievous may be.

Emblem XIV.

Pueros caſtigo, Viroſque.

THE
Fourteenth Emblem
Illuſtrated.

Behold and mark the Picture here,
Of what keeps Man *and* Child *in Fear.*

THeſe are the great'ſt *Afflictions* moſt Men have,
Ev'n from their *Nurſing-Cradle* to their *Grave*;
Yet both ſo needful are, I cannot ſee
How either of them may well ſpared be.
The *Rod* is that which moſt our *Childhood* fears,
And ſeems the great'ſt *Affliction* that it bears:
That which to *Manhood* is a Plague as common,
(And more unſufferable) is a *Woman.*

Yet bluſh not *Ladies*, neither frown, I pray,
That thus of *Women* I preſume to ſay;
Nor number me as yet among your *Foes*,
For I am more your *Friend* than you ſuppoſe.
Nor ſmile ye *Men*, as if from hence ye had
An Argument that *Woman-kind* were bad.
The *Birch* is blameleſs (yea, by Nature ſweet
And gentle) till with ſtubborn Boys it meet,
But then it ſmarts. So *Women* will be kind,
Until with froward *Husbands* they are join'd;
And then indeed (perhaps) like Birchen-boughs,
(Which elſe had been a trimming to their Houſe)
They ſometimes prove ſharp *Whips* and *Rods* to them
That *Wiſdom* and *Inſtruction* do contemn.

A *Woman* was not given for *Correction*,
But rather for a furth'rance to *Perfection*;
A precious *Balm of Love* to cure Man's Grief,
And of his Pleaſures to become the chief.
If therefore ſhe occaſion any Smart,
The Blame he merits wholly, or in part:

For, like ſweet *Honey*, ſhe good *Stomachs* pleaſes,
But pains the *Body* ſubject to *Diſeaſes*.

Lot 14.

M.

THE time hath been, that of the Rod
Thou wert more fearful than of God.
But now, unleſs thou prudent grow,
More cauſe thou haſt to fear a *Shrow.*

For from the Rod now thou art free,
A Woman ſhall thy Torment be.
Yet do not thou at her repine,
For all the Fault is only thine.

Emblem XV.

Concordia Insuperabilis.

THE
Fifteenth Emblem
Illuſtrated.

Where many Forces joined are,
Unconquerable Pow'r is there.

AN *Emblem's* Meaning here I thought to conſter,
And this doth rather faſhion out a *Monſter*,
Than form an *Hieroglyphick*: but I had
Theſe *Figures* (as you ſee them) ready made
By others; and I mean to *moralize*
Their Fancies, not to mend what they deviſe.
Yet peradventure, with ſome vulgar Praiſe,
This *Picture* (tho' I like it not) diſplays

The

The *Moral* which the *Motto* doth imply,
And thus it may be ſaid to ſignify :

He that hath many *Faculties*, or *Friends*,
To keep him ſafe (or to acquire his ends)
And fits them ſo, and keeps them ſo together,
That ſtill as readily they aid each other,
As if ſo many *Hands* they had been made,
And in *one Body* uſeful being had ;
That Man by their Aſſiſtance, may at length
Attain to an *unconquerable Strength*,
And crown his honeſt *Hopes* with whatſoever
He ſeeks for by a warranted Endeavour.

Or elſe it might be ſaid, that when we may
Make our *Affections* and our *Senſe* obey
The Will of *Reaſon*, (and ſo well agree,
That we may find them ſtill at peace to be)
They'll guard us like ſo many *Armed Hands*,
And ſafely keep us whatſoe'er withſtands.
If others think this *Figure* here infers
A better Senſe, let thoſe *Interpreters*

Unriddle it, and preach it where they pleaſe ;
Their *Meanings* may be good, and ſo are theſe.

Lot 15.

IF all your Powers you ſhou'd unite,
In your Deſires prevail you might;
And ſooner ſhou'd effect your ends,
If you ſhou'd muſter up your Friends.

But ſince your beſt Friends do ſuſpect,
That you ſuch Policy neglect,
Your Lot preſenteth to your View,
An Emblem which inſtructeth you.

Emblem XVI.

Non Sceptro sed Plectro ducitur.

The

THE
Sixteenth Emblem
Illuſtrated.

A fickle Woman wanton grown,
Prefers a Crowd *before a* Crown.

FOOL! Doſt thou hope thine *Honours* or thy *Gold*
Shall gain thee *Love*? Or that thou haſt her Heart,
Whoſe Hand upon thy tempting *Bait* laies hold?
Alas! fond *Lover!* thou deceived art.
She that with *Wealth* and *Titles* can be won,
Or woo'd with *Vanities*, will wav'ring be;
And when her Love thou moſt dependeſt on,
A *Fiddle-ſtick* ſhall win her Heart from thee.

To

To *Youth* and *Muſick Venus* leaneth moſt,
And (tho' her Hand ſhe on the *Scepter* lay)
Let *Greatneſs* of her Favours never boaſt,
For *Heart* and *Eye* are bent another way.
And lo no glorious Purchaſe that Man gets,
Who hath with ſuch poor *Trifles* woo'd and won:
Her footing on a *Ball* his *Miſtreſs* ſets,
Which in a Moment ſlips, and ſhe is gone.
A *Woman* meerly with an *Out-ſide* caught,
Or tempted with a *Galliard* or a *Song*,
Will him forſake (whom ſhe moſt lovely thought)
For *Players* and for *Tumblers* e'er't be long.

You then that wiſh your *Love* ſhou'd ever laſt,
(And wou'd enjoy *Affection* without changing)
Love where your *Loves* may worthily be plac'd,
And keep your own *Affection* ſtill from ranging.
Uſe noble means your Longings to attain;
Seek equal *Minds*, and well-beſeeming *Years:*
They are (at beſt) vain *Fools* whom *Folly* gain;
But there is *Bliſs* where *Vertue* moſt endears:

And whereſoe'er Affection ſhe procures,
In ſpight of all *Temptations* it endures.

Lot 16.

M.

IF ſome here preſent this had got,
They wou'd have bluſhed at their Lot;
Since very fit the ſame doth prove,
For one unconſtant in his Love;

Or one that has a fickle Mate.
If you enjoy a better Fate,
Yet hearken what your Lot doth ſay,
Leſt you hereafter want it may.

Emblem XVII.

Non obest Virtuti Sors.

THE Seventeenth Emblem Illuſtrated.

Tho' Fortune prove true Virtue's Foe,
It cannot work her Overthrow.

UNhappy Men are they, whoſe Ignorance
So ſlaves them to the *Fortunes* of the time,
That they (attending on the Lot of *Chance*)
Neglect by *Vertue* and *Deſerts* to climb.
Poor *Heights* they be which *Fortune* rears unto,
And fickle is the *Favour* ſhe beſtows:
To day ſhe makes, to morrow doth undo;
Builds up, and in an inſtant overthrows.
On eaſy *Wheels* to Wealth and Honours high,
She winds Men oft before they be aware,

And

And when they dream of moſt *Proſperity*,
Down headlong throws them lower than they were.

You then that ſeek a more aſſur'd Eſtate,
On good and honeſt *Objects* fix your *Mind*,
And follow *Vertue*, that you may a *Fate*
Exempt from fear of Change, or Dangers, find.
For he that's *vertuous*, whether high or low
His *Fortune* ſeems (or whether foul or fair
His *Path* he finds) or whether Friend or Foe
The *World* doth prove; regards it not a hair.
His *Loſs* is *Gain*; his *Poverty* is *Wealth*;
The World's *Contempt* he makes his *Diadem*;
In *Sickneſs* he rejoiceth, as in *Health*;
Yea, *Death* it ſelf becometh *Life* to him.
He fears no Diſreſpect, no bitter Scorn,
Nor ſubtile Plottings, nor Oppreſſion's Force;
Nay, tho' the World ſhou'd topſy-turvy turn,
It cannot fright him, nor divert his Courſe.

Above all Earthly Pow'rs his *Vertue* rears him,
And up with *Eagles* Wings to Heav'n it bears him.

Lot 17.

M.

THis Man, whatever he may ſeem,
Is worthy of an high Eſteem;
Tho' Fortune may his Perſon grind,
She cannot yet diſturb his Mind.

Yea bleſs'd and happy ſhou'd we be,
Were all of us but ſuch as he:
Read but his Motto which you drew,
For that in part the ſame will ſhew.

Emblem XVIII.

Noli Altum Sapere.

THE
Eighteenth Emblem
Illuſtrated.

Above thy Knowledge do not riſe,
But with Sobriety be wiſe.

EXalt *thou not thy ſelf*, tho' plac'd thou be
Upon the top of that old *Olive-Tree*,
From whence the nat'ral Branches prun'd have bin,
That thou the better might'ſt be grafted in.
Be not ſo *over-wiſe* as to preſume,
The *Gard'ner* for thy Goodneſs did aſſume
Thy ſmall *Crab-Olive*, to inſert it there
Where once the *ſweeteſt Berries* growing were.
Nor let thy Pride thoſe few *old Boughs* contemn,
Which yet remain upon their antient *Stem*,

Becauſe

Becauſe thy new-incorporated *Sprays*
Do more enjoy the *Sun's* refreſhing Rays:
But humbled rather, and more awful be,
Leſt *he* that cut off *them*, do break down *thee.*

Be *wiſe* in what may to thy good belong,
But ſeek not *Knowledge* to thy Neighbour's wrong:
Be thankful for the *Grace* thou haſt receiv'd,
But judge not thoſe who ſeem thereof bereav'd;
Nor into thoſe forbidden *Secrets* peep,
Which *God Almighty* to himſelf doth keep.
Remember what our Father *Adam* found,
When he for *Knowledge* ſought beyond his bound.
For doubtleſs ever ſince, both *good* and *ill*
Are left with *Knowledge* intermingled ſtill;
And (if we be not humble, meek and wary)
We are in daily Danger to miſcarry.
Large proves the Fruit which on the *Earth* doth lie,
Winds break the Twig that's grafted *over-high*;

And he that will beyond his Bounds be *wiſe*,
Becomes a very *Fool* before he dies.

Lot 18.

THis Lot thoſe Perſons always finds,
That have high Thoughts and lofty minds:
Or ſuch as have an itch to learn
That which doth nothing them concern:

Or love to peep with daring Eyes
Into forbidden Myſteries.
If any one of theſe thou be,
Thine Emblem better teacheth thee.

Emblem XIX.

Tractant Fabrilia Fabri.

THE Nineteenth Emblem Illuſtrated.

When each Man keeps unto his Trade,
Then all Things better will be made.

WE more ſhould thrive, and err the ſeldomer,
If we were like this honeſt *Carpenter*,
Whoſe *Emblem* in reproof of thoſe is made,
That love to meddle farther than their *Trade*.
But moſt are now exceeding cunning grown
In ev'ry Man's Affairs, except their own:
Yea, *Coblers* think themſelves not only able
To cenſure, but to mend *Apelles* Table.

Great Men ſometimes will gravely undertake
To teach how *Brooms* and *Mortar* we ſhou'd make.
Their Indiſcretions *Peaſants* imitate,
And boldly meddle with Affairs of *State.*
Some *Houſwives* teach their *Teachers* how to pray;
Some *Clerks* have ſhew'd themſelves as wiſe as they;
And in their Callings as diſcreet have been
As if they taught their *Grandames* how to *ſpin.*
And if theſe *Cuſtoms* laſt a few more Ages,
All Countries will be nothing elſe, but *Stages*
Of evil-acted and miſtaken parts,
Or *Gallemaufries* of imperfect *Arts.*

But I my ſelf (you'll ſay) have medlings made
In things that are improper to my *Trade.*
No; for the *MUSES* are in all things free,
Fit Subject of their *Verſe* all Creatures be;
And there is nothing nam'd, ſo mean or great,
Whereof they have not Liberty to treat.
Both *Earth* and *Heav'n* are open unto theſe,
And (when to take more Liberty they pleaſe)

They *Worlds* and *things* create which never were,
And when they liſt they *play* and *meddle* there.

Lot. 19.

IF all be true theſe Lots do tell us,
Thou ſhould'ſt be of thoſe prating Fellows,
Who better practiſed are grown
In others matters than their own:

Or one that covets to be thought
A Man that's ignorant of nought.
If it be ſo, thy Moral ſhows
Thy Folly, and from whence it flows.

Emblem XX.

Conſtante Fiducia.

The

THE
Twentieth Emblem
Illuſtrated.

They after Suff'ring ſhall be crown'd,
In whom a Conſtant Faith is found.

MArk well this *Emblem*, and obſerve you thence
The Nature of true *Chriſtian Confidence.*
Her *Foot* is fixed on a *ſquared Stone*,
Which, whether ſide ſoe'er you turn it on,
Stands faſt; and is that *Corner-ſtone* which props
And firmly knits the ſtructure of our *Hopes.*

She always bears a *Croſs*; to ſignifie,
That there was never any *Conſtancy*

Without her *Tryals*, and that her Perfection
Shall never be attain'd without *Affliction.*

A *Cup* ſhe hath moreover in her hand,
And by that *Figure* thou may'ſt underſtand,
That ſhe hath Draughts of *Comfort* always near her,
(At ev'ry brunt) to ſtrengthen and to chear her.
And lo, *her* Head is *crown'd*, that we may ſee
How great her *Glories* and *Rewards* will be.

Hereby this *Vertue's* Nature may be known;
Now practiſe how to make the ſame thine own.
Diſcourag'd be not, tho' thou art purſu'd
With many Wrongs which cannot be eſchew'd:
Nor yield thou to *Deſpairing*, tho' thou haſt
A *Croſs* (which threatens death) to be embrac'd;
Or tho' thou be compell'd to ſwallow up
The very Dregs of *Sorrow's* bitter *Cup:*
For whenſoever Griefs or Torments pain thee,
Thou haſt the ſame *Foundation* to ſuſtain thee;
The ſelf ſame *Cup* of *Comfort* is prepar'd
To give thee Strength, when *fainting Fits* are fear'd.

And when thy *time of tryal* is expir'd,
Thou ſhalt obtain the *Crown* thou haſt deſir'd.

Lot 20.

THY Fortunes have been very bad,
For many Suff'rings thou haſt had,
And Tryals too, which are unknown
To any but thy ſelf alone.

But let nor Loſs, nor Harm, nor Smart,
From conſtant Hopes remove thy Heart:
For ſee thine Emblem doth foreſhew,
A good Concluſion will enſue.

Emblem XXI.

Emb: 21.

Furor fit læsa sæpius Patientia.

THE Twenty-first Emblem Illustrated.

Who Patience tempts beyond its Strength,
Will turn't to Fury at the length.

ALtho' we know not a more patient Creature
Than is the *Lamb*, (or of less harmful Nature)
Yet, as this *Emblem* shews, when childish Wrong
Hath troubled and provok'd him over-long;
He grows enrag'd, and makes the wanton *Boys*
Be glad to leave their Sports, and run their ways.

Thus have I seen it with some Children fare,
Who when their *Parents* too indulgent were,

Have

Have urg'd them till their *Doting* grew to *Rage*,
And ſhut them wholly from their Heritage.
Thus many times a fooliſh Man doth loſe
His faithful Friends, and juſtly makes them Foes.
Thus froward *Husbands*, and thus peeviſh *Wives*,
Do fool away the Comfort of their Lives,
And by abuſing of a *patient Mate*,
Turn deareſt *Love* into the deadlieſt *Hate*:
For any wrong may better be excuſed,
Than *Kindneſs* long and wilfully abuſed.

But as an injur'd *Lamb* provoked thus,
Well typifies how much it moveth us
To find our *Patience* wrong'd; ſo let us make
An *Emblem* of our ſelves, thereby to take
More heed how God is moved towards them,
That his *long-ſuff'ring* and his *Love* contemn.
For as we ſomewhat have of ev'ry *Creature*,
So we in us have ſomewhat of his *Nature*:
Or if it be not ſaid *the ſame* to be,
His *Pictures* and his *Images* are we.

Let therefore his *long-ſuff'ring* well be weigh'd,
And keep us to *provoke him* ſtill afraid.

Lot 21.

THOu haſt provoked overlong
Their *Patience*, who neglect the Wrong;
And thou doſt little ſeem to heed
What hurt it threats if thou proceed.

To thee thy Emblem therefore ſhows
To what abuſed Patience grows.
Obſerve it well, and make thy Peace
Before to Fury Wrath increaſe.

Emblem XXII.

Emb: 22

In Spe & Labore transſigo Vitam.

THE
Twenty-ſecond Emblem Illuſtrated.

Our Days, until our Life hath end,
In Labour *and in* Hopes *we ſpend.*

AS ſoon as our *firſt Parents* diſobey'd,
Forthwith a *Curſe* for their Offence was laid,
Inforcing them, and their ſucceeding Race,
To get their Food with Sweatings of the Face.
But afterward, this *Doom* to mitigate,
(And eaſe the Miſeries of their eſtate)
God gave them *Hope*, that ſhe might help them bear
The Burthens of their Travail and their Care.

A *Woman* with an *Anchor* and a *Spade*,
An *Emblem* of that *Myſtery* is made:
And this Eſtate we all continue in,
By God's free *Mercy* and our proper *Sin*.
By *Sin* the *Labour* is on us intail'd,
By *Grace* it is that *Hoping* hath not fail'd;
And if in *Hope* our Labours we attend,
That *Curſe* will prove a *Bleſſing* in the end.

My Lot is *Hope* and *Labour*, and between
Theſe *Two* my Life-time hath prolonged been.
Yet hitherto the beſt of all my *Pain*,
With moſt of all my *Hopes* have been in vain;
And to the World-ward I am like to waſte
My time in fruitleſs *Labours* till the laſt.

However, I have ſtill my *Hopes* as fair
As he that hath no temptings to *Deſpair*;
And change I will not my *laſt Hours* for theirs,
Whoſe *Fortune* more deſirable appears;
Nor ceaſe to *Hope* and *Labour*, tho' of moſt
My *Hope* and *Labour* be adjudged loſt.

For tho' I loſe the *Shadow* of my *Pains*,
The *Subſtance* of it ſtill in *God* remains.

Lot 22.

IN ſecret thou doſt oft complain,
That thou haſt hop'd and wrought in vain;
And think'ſt thy Lot is far more hard
Than what for others is prepar'd.

An Emblem therefore thou haſt got,
Which ſhews it is our common Lot
To work and hope, and that thou haſt
A Bleſſing by it at the laſt.

Emblem XXIII.

Emb 23

Tamen discam.

THE
Twenty-third Emblem Illuſtrated.

To Learning I a Love ſhould have,
Altho' one Foot were in the Grave.

HEre we an *aged Man* deſcribed have,
That hath *one Foot* already in the *Grave*:
And, if you mark it (tho' the *Sun* decline,
And horned *Cynthia* doth begin to ſhine)
With *open Book*, and with attentive Eyes,
Himſelf to compaſs *Knowledge* he applies:
And tho' that *Evening* end his laſt of Days,
Yet *I will ſtudy, more to learn*, he ſays.

From

From this we gather, that while time doth laſt,
The time of *Learning* never will be paſt;
And that each Hour, till we our *Life* lay down,
Still ſomething touching *Life* is to be known.
When he was old wiſe *Cato* learned Greek:
But we have *aged folks* that are to ſeek
Of that which they have much more cauſe to learn,
Yet no ſuch mind in them we ſhall diſcern.
For that which they ſhou'd ſtudy in their *prime*,
Is oft deferred till their *latter time*;
And then *Old Age* unfit for *Learning* makes them,
Or elſe that common *Dulneſs* overtakes them,
Which makes aſhamed that it ſhould be thought,
They need, like *little Children*, to be taught.
And ſo out of this World they do return
As wiſe as in that Week when they were born.

God grant me Grace to ſpend my Life-time ſo,
That I my Duty ſtill may ſeek to know;
And that I never may ſo far proceed,
To think that I more Knowledge *do not need*;

But in Experience *may continue growing,*
Till I am fill'd with Fruits of pious Knowing.

Lot 23.

BY this your Emblem we diſcern,
That you are yet of Age to learn;
And that when elder you ſhall grow
There will be more for you to know.

Preſume not therefore of your Wit,
But ſtrive that you may better it;
For of your Age we many view
That far more Wiſdom have than you.

Emblem XXIV.

Emb: 24.

Transitus Celer est, & avolamus.

THE
Twenty-fourth Emblem
Illuſtrated.

Where'er we are the Heavens are near,
Let us but fly and we are there.

WHy with a trembling Faintneſs ſhou'd we fear
The Face of *Death*? and fondly linger here,
As if we thought the *Voyage* to be gone
Lay thro' the Shades of *Styx* or *Acheron*?
Or that we either were to travel down
To uncouth *Depths*, or up ſome *Heights* unknown?
Or to ſome place remote, whoſe neareſt end
Is farther than Earth's Limits do extend?

It is not by one half that Diſtance thither
Where *Death* lets in, as it is any whither:
No not by half ſo far as to your Bed,
Or to that Place where you ſhould reſt your Head:
If on the Ground you laid your ſelf (ev'n there)
Where at this Moment you abiding are.
This *Emblem* ſhews (if well you look thereon)
That from your *Glaſs of Life* which is to run,
There's but one Step to *Death*, and that you tread
At once among the *Living* and the *Dead.*

In whatſoever *Land* we live or *die*,
God is the ſame; and *Heav'n* is there as nigh,
As in that *Place* wherein we moſt deſire
Our *Souls* with our laſt Breathing to expire.
Which things well heeding, let us not delay
Our *Journey* when we ſummon'd are away,
(As thoſe inforced *Pilgrims* uſe to do,
That know not whither, nor how far they go.)
Nor let us dream that we in *Time* or *Place*,
Are far from ending our uncertain *Race.*

But let us fix on *Heav'n* a faithful Eye,
And ſtill be *flying thither* till we die.

Lot. 24.

TO your long Home you nearer are
Than you it may be are aware;
Yea, and more eaſy is the way
Than you perhaps conceive it may.

Leſt therefore Death ſhou'd grim appear,
And put you in a cauſeleſs Fear,
Or out of minding wholly paſs,
This *Chance* to you allotted was.

Emblem XXV.

Transeat.

THE
Twenty-fifth Emblem
Illuſtrated.

A Sive of Shelter maketh ſhow,
But ev'ry Storm will thro' it go.

SOme Men, when for their Actions they procure
A likely colour, (be it ne'er ſo vain)
Proceed as if their *Projects* were as ſure,
As when *ſound Reaſon* did their Courſe maintain.
And theſe not much unlike thoſe *Children* are,
Who thro' a *Storm* advent'ring deſp'rately,
Had rather on their Heads a *Sive* to bear,
Than *Cov'rings* that may ſerve to keep them dry.
For at a diſtance that perchance is thought
A helpful *Shelter*, and yet proves to thoſe

Who need the ſame, a *Toy* which profits nought,
Becauſe each Drop of Rain quite thro' it goes.
So they, whoſe fooliſh *Projects* for a while
Do promiſe their *Projectors* hopeful ends,
Shall find them in the *Tryal* to beguile,
And that both *Shame* and *Want* on them attends.

Such like is their eſtate, who (to appear
Rich Men to others) do with inward Pain,
A gladſome outward *Port* deſire to bear,
Tho' they at laſt nor *Wealth* nor *Credit* gain.
And ſuch are all thoſe *Hypocrites*, who ſtrive
Falſe *Hearts* beneath *Fair-ſpoken-Words* to hide;
For they o'ervail themſelves but with a *Sive*,
Thro' which their Purpoſes at length are ſpy'd:
And then they either wofully lament
Their *brutiſh Folly*, or ſo harden'd grow
In ſinning, that they never can repent;
Nay, jeſt and ſcoff at their own Overthrow.

But no falſe *Vail* can ſerve (when *God* will ſmite)
To ſave a *Scorner*, or an *Hypocrite*.

Lot 25.

TAke heed you do not quite forget
That you are dancing in a Net.
Many there are your *Ways* do ſee,
Altho' you think unſeen you be.

Your Faults we will no nearer touch,
Methinks your Emblem blabs too much;
But if you mend what is amiſs,
You ſhall be ne'er the worſe for this.

Emblem XXVI.

Emb: 2. 6.

Gaudet Patientia duris.

THE
Twenty-ſixth Emblem
Illuſtrated.

He that enjoys a patient Mind,
Can Pleaſure in Affliction find.

WHat means this *Country Peaſant* ſkipping here,
Thro' prickling *Thiſtles* with ſuch joyful cheer;
And plucking off their Tops, as tho' for *Poſies*
He gather'd Violets, or toothleſs Roſes?
What meaneth it, but only to expreſs
How great a Joy well-grounded *Patientneſs*
Retains in Suff'rings? and what ſport ſhe makes
When ſhe her Journey thro' *Affliction* takes?

I oft have ſaid (and have as oft been thought
To ſpeak a *Paradox*, that ſavours nought
Of likely Truth) that ſome *Affictions* bring
A *Honey-bag* which cureth ev'ry Sting,
(That wounds the *Fleſh*) by giving to the *Mind*
A pleaſing Taſte of *Sweetneſſes* refin'd.
Nor can it other be, except in thoſe
Whoſe better part quite ſtupified grows,
By being cauterized in the Fires
Of childiſh *Fears*, or temporal *Deſires*.

For as the *Valiant* (when the *Coward* ſwoons)
With Gladneſs lets the *Surgeon* ſearch his Wounds;
And tho' they ſmart, yet cheerfully indures
The Plaiſters and the Probe in hope of Cures:
So Men, aſſured that *Affictions* Pain
Comes not for Vengeance to them, nor in vain,
But to prepare and fit them for the place
To which they willingly direct their pace;
In Troubles are ſo far from being ſad,
That of their *Suff'ring* they are truly glad.

Whatever others think, I thus believe;
And therefore *joy*, when they ſuppoſe I *grieve*.

Lot 26.

AT your Afflictions you repine,
And in all Troubles cry and whine:
As if to ſuffer brought no Joy,
But quite did all Content deſtroy.

That you may therefore patient grow,
And learn this Virtue's Power to know,
This Lot unto your View is brought;
Peruſe and practiſe what is taught.

Emblem XXVII.

Bella in Viſta, Dentro Triſta.

The

THE
Twenty-ſeventh Emblem Illuſtrated.

Deformity within *may be,*
Where outward *Beauty we do ſee.*

LOok well, I pray, upon this *Beldame* here,
For, in her *Habit*, tho' ſhe gay appear,
You thro' her youthful *Vizard* may eſpy,
She's of an old *Edition* by her *Eye:*
And by her Wainſcot-Face it may be ſeen,
She might your *Grandam's* firſt *Dry-Nurſe* have been.

This is an *Emblem* fitly ſhaddowing thoſe,
Who making fair and honeſt outward ſhows,

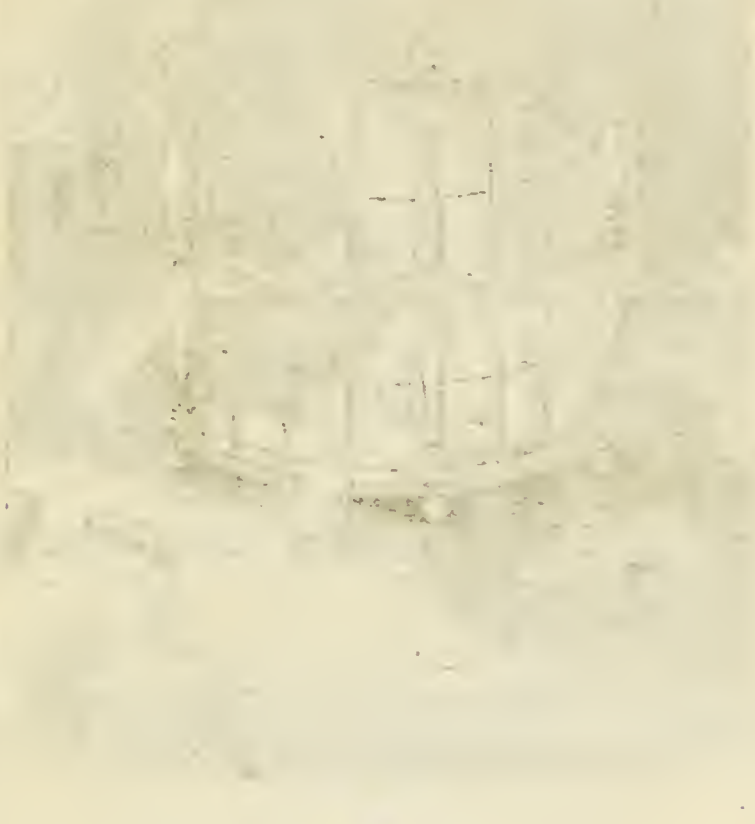
Are

Are inwardly deform'd, and nothing ſuch
As they to be ſuppos'd have ſtrived much.
They chuſe their *words*, and play well-acted *parts*;
But hide moſt loathſome Projects in their Hearts;
And when you think ſweet *Friendſhip* to embrace,
Some ugly *Treaſon* meets you in the Face.
I hate a painted *Brow*; I much diſlike
A Maiden-bluſh dawb'd on a furrow'd *Cheek*;
And I abhor to ſee old *Wantons* play,
And ſuit themſelves, like *Ladies of the May*.
But more (yea, moſt of all) my Soul deſpiſeth
A *Heart* that in *Religious Forms* diſguiſeth
Prophane Intentions, and arrays in white
The Coal-black Conſcience of an *Hypocrite*.
Take heed of ſuch as theſe, and (if you may)
Before you truſt them, track them in their way.
Obſerve their Footſteps in their private *Path*;
For theſe (as 'tis believ'd the *Devil* hath)
Have *cloven Feet*, that is, *two ways* they go,
One for their *ends*, and t'other for a *ſhow*.

Now you thus warned are, Advice embrace,
And truſt nor gawdy *Cloaths*, nor painted *Face*.

Lot 27.

FIne Cloaths, fair Words, inticing Face,
With Maſks of Piety and Grace,
Oft cheat you with an outward ſhow
Of that which proveth nothing ſo.



Therefore your Emblem's Moral read,
And e'er too far you do proceed,
Think whom you deal withal to day,
Who by fair Shews deceive you may.

Emblem XXVIII.

Captivum impune laceſſunt.

The

THE
Twenty-eighth Emblem Illuſtrated.

When Magiſtrates confined are,
They revel who were kept in Fear.

A Tyrannous, or wicked *Magiſtrat,*
Is fitly repreſented by a *Cat:*
For tho' the *Mice* a harmful Vermine be,
And *Cats* the Remedy; yet oft we ſee,
That by the *Mice* far leſs ſome Houſe-wives leeſe,
Then when they ſet the *Cat* to keep the *Cheeſe.*
A ravenous *Cat* will puniſh in the *Mouſe,*
The very ſame Offences in the Houſe,
Which he himſelf commits; yea, for that *Vice*
Which was his own (with praiſe) he kills the *Mice,*

And

And ſpoileth not anothers Life alone,
Ev'n for that very *Fault* which was his *own*,
But *feeds* and *fattens* in the Spoil of them
Whom he without Compaſſion did condemn.
Nay, worſe than ſo, he cannot be content
To ſlaughter them who are as innocent
As he *himſelf*, but he muſt alſo play
And ſport his woful *Pris'ners* Lives away;
More tort'ring them 'twixt fruitleſs *hopes* and *fears*,
Than when their Bowels with his Teeth he tears:
For by much Terror, and much Cruelty,
He kills them ten times over e'er they die.

When ſuch like *Magiſtrates* have rule obtain'd,
The beſt Men wiſh their Pow'r might be reſtrain'd:
But they who ſhun Enormities thro' *Fear*,
Are glad when *good Men* out of Office are.
Yea, whether *Governors* be good or bad,
Of their Diſplacings *wicked Men* are glad;

And when they ſee them brought into Diſgraces,
They boldly play the *Knaves* before their Faces.

Lot 28.

M.

THou art, or elſe thou wert of late,
Some great or petty Magiſtrate;
Or Fortune thereunto may chance
In time to come thee to advance.

But by thine Emblem thou may'ſt ſee,
That when reſtrain'd thy Pow'r ſhall be,
Offenders will thereof be glad,
And Scoff the Pow'r which thou haſt had:
Obſerve it, and be ſo upright,
That thou may'ſt laugh at their Deſpight.

Emblem XXIX.

Emblem XXIX.

Perſequar Extinctu.

THE
Twenty-ninth Emblem
Illuſtrated.

True Lovers Lives in one Heart Lie;
Both Live, or both together Die.

HE that ſhall ſay he *Loves*, and was again
So well-belov'd, that neither *He* nor *She*
Suſpects each other, neither needs to gain
New Proofs that they in all Deſires agree;
And yet ſhall cool again in their *Affection*,
(And leave to Love) or live till they are *Lovers*
The ſecond time, it ſome groſs Imperfection
In *One* (if not *Both*) of them diſcovers.

It was not *Love* which did between them grow,
But rather ſomewhat like unto the ſame;

Which

Which (having made a fair deceiving *Show*)
Obtain'd a while that honourable Name.
For *falſe Affections* will together play
So lovingly, and oft ſo act thoſe Parts
Which real ſeem, that for a time they may
Appear the *Children* of *unfeigned Hearts.*
Yea, many times true *Turtles* are deceiv'd
By counterfeited *Paſſions*, till their *Love*
Of her true *Object* finds her ſelf bereav'd,
And after it is forced to remove.
But where *true Love* begetteth and enjoys
The proper *Object* which ſhe doth deſire,
Nor *Time*, nor *Injury* the ſame deſtroys,
But it continues a *perpetual Fire.*

Like am'rous *Thisbe* to her *Pyramus*,
On all occaſions it continues true,
Nor *Night*, nor *Danger* makes it timorous,
But thro' all Perils it will him purſue.

Thus both in *Life*, in *Death*, in all eſtates,
True *Lovers* will be true *Aſſociates.*

Lot 29.

SOme think you Love ; 'tis true you do,
And are as well beloved too :
But you (if we the Truth may ſay)
Love not ſo truly as you may.

To make a perfect Love, there goes
Much more than ev'ry Lover knows.
Your Emblem therefore mind, and then
Begin anew to love agen.

Emblem XXX.

Emb. 30.

Nequid Nimis.

The

THE
Thirtieth Emblem
Illuſtrated.

Since over-much will over-fill,
Pour out enough, but do not ſpill.

IT is this *Emblem's* meaning, to advance
The Love and Practice of true *Temperance.*
For by this *Figure* (which doth ſeem to fill
Until the Liquor overflow and ſpill)
We are, as by Example, taught to ſee
How fruitleſs our *Intemperancies* be:
Thus by the *Rule of Contrarieties,*
Some *Vertues* beſt are ſhewn to vulgar Eyes.

To ſee a naſty *Drunkard* reel and ſpew,
More moves to *Soberneſs* than can the view
Of twenty civil Men ; and to behold
One *Prodigal* (that goodly Lands hath ſold)
Stand torn and louzy begging at the Door,
Would make *Intemperance* abhorred more
(And manly *Soberneſs* much better teach)
Than all that ſix *Philoſophers* can preach.
So by the *Veſſel's* overflowing here,
True *Moderation* doth more prais'd appear
Than by the *Mean* it ſelf: And without ſin,
That's *pictur'd*, which to *do* had wicked been ;
For, tho' to vertuous ends, we do deny
The *doing Ill* that *Good* may come thereby.

From hence let us be taught that careful heed,
Whereby we ſhould both *Mind* and *Body* feed.
Let us of our own ſelves obſerve the ſize,
How much we want, how little will ſuffice :
And our own *Longings* rather leave unfill'd,
Than ſuffer any Portion to be ſpill'd.

For what we *marr* ſhall to account be laid,
And what we wiſely *ſpend* ſhall be repaid.

Lot. 30.

IF truly temperate thou be,
Why ſhou'd this Lot be drawn by thee?
Perhaps thou either doſt exceed
In Clothes, or high doſt drink or feed,

Beyond the mean. If this thou find,
Or know'ſt in any other kind,
How thou offendeſt by exceſs,
Now leave off thy Intemperateneſs.

Emblem XXXI.

Emb: 31.

Legibus & Armis.

The

THE Thirty-firſt Emblem Illuſtrated.

When Law and Arms together meet,
The World deſcends to kiſs their Feet.

THE Picture of a *Crowned King* here ſtands
Upon a *Globe*, and with out-ſtretched hands,
Holds forth in view, a *Law-book* and a *Sword:*
Which plain and modern *Figures* may afford
This meaning; That a *King* who hath regard
To *Courts for pleading*, and a *Court of Guard*,
And at all times a due reſpect will carry
To pious *Laws*, and *Actions military*;
Shall not be *Monarch* only in thoſe Lands
That are by *Birth right* under his Commands,

But alſo might (if juſt occaſion were)
Make this whole *Globe* of Earth his Power to fear;
Advance his *Favorites*; and bring down all
His *Oppoſites* below his Pedeſtal.

His conquering *Sword* in foreign Realms he draws,
As oft as there is juſt or needful cauſe:
At home, in ev'ry *Province* of his Lands,
At all times armed are his *Trained Bands.*
His *Royal Fleets* are Terrors to the Seas,
At all hours rigg'd for uſeful Voyages.
And often he his *Navy* doth increaſe,
That *Wars* Proviſions may prolong his *Peace.*
Nor by the Tenure of the *Sword* alone
Delighteth he to hold his awful *Throne,*
But likewiſe labours Miſchiefs to prevent,
By wholſome *Laws* and rightful *Government.*
For where the *Sword* commands without the *Law,*
A *Tyrant* keeps the Land in ſlaviſh awe:

And where good *Laws* do want an *armed pow'r,*
Rebellious *Knaves* their *Princes* will devour.

Lot 31.

M.

SOme urge their Princes on to War,
And weary of ſweet Peace ſoon are.
Some ſeek to make them dote on Peace,
Till Publick Danger more increaſe;

As if the World were kept in awe,
By nothing elſe but preaching Law.
The Moral is; If ſuch thou art,
Then act a Moderator's part.

Emblem XXXII.

Spes alit Agricolas.

THE
Thirty-second Emblem Illustrated.

The Husbandman doth sow his Seeds,
And then on Hope till Harvest feeds.

THE painful *Husbandman*, with sweaty brows,
Consumes in labour many a weary Day;
To break the stubborn Earth he *digs* and *ploughs*,
And then the Corn he scatters on the Clay.
When that is done he *harrows* in the Seeds,
And by a well-cleans'd Furrow lays it dry;
He frees it from the *Worms*, the *Moles*, the *Weeds*;
He on the *Fences* also hath an Eye.
And tho' he see the chilling Winter bring
Snows, *Floods* and *Frosts*, his Labours to annoy;

Tho' *blasting Winds* do nip them in the *Spring*,
And *Summers* Mildews threaten to destroy:
Yea, tho' not only *Days* but *Weeks* they are,
(Nay, many *Weeks* and many *Months* beside)
In which he must with pain prolong his care,
Yet constant in his Hopes he doth abide.
For this respect HOPE's *Emblem* here you see
Attends the *Plough*, that Men beholding it
May be instructed, or else minded be,
What Hopes continuing *Labours* will befit.
Tho' long thou toiled hast, and long attended
About such workings as are necessary,
And oftentimes, e'er fully they are ended,
Shalt find thy pains in danger to miscarry:
Yet be not out of *Hope*, nor quite dejected,
For buried Seeds will sprout when *Winter*'s gone;
Unlikelier things are many times effected;
And *God* brings help when Men their best have done.

Yea, they that in *good works* their Life imploy,
Altho' *they sow in Tears, shall reap in Joy.*

Lot 32.

IN many things the worſe thou art,
By thy deſpairing, fainting Heart.
And oft thy Labour and thy Coſt,
For want of *Hopefulneſs* is loſt.

Thou therefore by thy Lot art ſent,
This Indiſcretion to prevent,
And by the Plow-man's Hope to ſee
Thy Fault, and now reform'd to be.

Emblem XXXIII.

Emb: 33.

Puris Manibus.

THE Thirty-third Emblem Illuſtrated.

Let him that at God's Altar ſtands,
In Innocency waſh his Hands.

WHen *(Reader)* thou haſt firſt of all ſurvey'd
That Reverend *Prieſt* which here ingraven ſtands,
In all his Holy *Veſtiments* array'd,
Endeavouring for *Purified Hands*;
Collect from hence, that when thou doſt appear
To offer Sacrifice of *Praiſe* or *Prayer*,
Thou ought'ſt the *Robes* of *Righteouſneſs* to wear,
And by *Repentance* thy Defects repair.

For

For thou that with polluted *Hands* presum'st
Before *God's* Altar to present thy Face,
Or in the *Rags* of thine own *Merits* com'st,
Shalt reap *Displeasure* where thou look'st for *Grace.*

Then if thou be of those that would aspire
A *Priest* or *Prelate* in *God's* Church to be,
Be sure thou first those *Ornaments* acquire
Which may be suiting to that *high Degree.*
Intrude not, as perhaps too many do,
With *Gifts* unfit, or by an *Evil mean*;
Desire it with a right *Intention* too,
And seek to keep thy *Conversation* clean.
For they that have assum'd this *Holy Calling*
With *Hands* impure, and *Hearts* unsanctify'd,
Defame the *Truth*, give others cause of Falling,
And scandalize their *Brethren* too beside.
Yea, to themselves their very *Sacrifice*
Becomes unhallow'd; and their *Thanks* and *Prayers*
The *God of Purity* doth so despise,
That all their *Hopes* he turneth to *Despairs*;

And all their best Endeavours countermands,
Till they appear with unpolluted *Hands.*

Lot 33.

WHether meerly Chance or no,
Brought this Lot, we do not know:
But received let it be,
As Divinely sent to thee.

For that merits thy regard,
Which thine Emblem hath declar'd:
And the best that are have need
Such *Advisements* well to heed.

Emblem XXXIV.

Embl: 34.

Ferio.

THE
Thirty-fourth Emblem Illuſtrated.

Be wary whoſoe're you be,
For from Love's Arrows none are free.

GAllants, beware; for here's a wanton *Wagg*,
Who, having *Bows* and *Arrows*, makes his brag,
That he hath ſome unhappy trick to play,
And vows to ſhoot at all he meets to day.
Pray be not careleſs, for the *Boy* is blind,
And ſometimes ſtrikes where moſt he ſeemeth kind.
This rambling *Archer* ſpares nor one, nor other;
Yea, otherwhile, the *Monkey* ſhoots his Mother.

Tho'

Tho' you be little *Children*, come not near,
For I remember (though't be many a year
Now gone and paſt) that when I was a *Lad*,
My Heart a prick by this young Wanton had
That pain'd me ſeven Years after: nor had I
The Grace (thus warn'd) to ſcape his waggery;
But many times, ev'n ſince I was a Man,
He ſhot me oftner than I tell you can:
And if I had not been the ſtronger hearted,
I for my over-daring might have ſmarted.

You laugh now as if this were nothing ſo;
But if you meet this *Blinkard* with his Bow,
You may, unleſs you take the better care,
Receive a *Wound* before you be aware.
I fear him not; for I have learned how
To keep my Heart-ſtrings from his Arrows now:
And ſo might you, and ſo might ev'ry one
That vain *Occaſions* truly ſeeks to ſhun.
But if you ſlight my Conſels, you may chance
To blame at laſt your wilful Ignorance:

For ſome who thought at firſt his Wounds but ſmall,
Have died by them in an *Hoſpital.*

Lot 34.

THIS Lot of yours doth plainly ſhow,
That in ſome Danger now you go;
But Wounds by Steel yet fear you not,
Nor Piſtolling, nor Canon-Shot;

But rather dread the *Shafts* that fly
From ſome deep-wounding Wanton's Eye:
Your greateſt Perils are from thence,
Get therefore Armour of Defence.

Emblem XXXV.

Embl. 75.

Sapiens dominabitur Astris.

The

THE
Thirty-fifth Emblem
Illuſtrated.

He over all the Stars doth reign,
That unto Wiſdom can attain.

I Am not of their Mind, who think the *Sun*,
The *Moon*, the *Planets*, and thoſe glorious *Lights*
Which trim the *Spheres*, do in their *Motions* run
To no more purpoſe than to pleaſe our *Sights*:
Nor for diſtinguiſhment of *Nights* and *Days*,
Or of the *Seaſons* and the *Times* alone,
Can I ſuppoſe the Hand of *God* diſplays
Thoſe many *Stars* we nightly gaze upon:

For

For both by *Reaſon* and by *common Senſe*,
We know (and often feel) that from above
The *Planets* have on us an *Influence*;
And that our *Bodies* vary as they move.

Moreover *Holy Writ* infers that theſe
Have ſome ſuch pow'r; ev'n in thoſe places where
It names *Orion* and the *Pleiades*,
Which *Stars* of much inferior Nature are.

Yet hence conclude not therefore, that the *Mind*
Is by the *Stars* conſtrained to obey
Their *Influence*; or ſo by them inclin'd,
That by no means reſiſt the ſame we may.
For tho' they form the *Body's* Temp'rature,
(And tho' the *Mind* inclineth after that)
By *Grace* another Temper we procure,
Which guides the *Motions* of *ſuppoſed Fate*.
The *Soul* of *Man* is nobler then the *Spheres*,
And if it gain the Place which may be had,
Not here alone on Earth the Rule it bears,
But is the *Lord* of all that *God* hath made.

Be *wiſe in him*, and if juſt cauſe there be,
The *Sun* and *Moon* ſhall ſtand and wait on thee.

Lot 35.

YOU ſeek a Lot, which proving bad,
Wou'd peradventure make you ſad:
But this may pleaſe; for you are taught,
To mend your Fortune when 'tis naught.

Being armed with ſuch Counſel here,
That you no Deſtiny need fear;
Now if you come to hurt or Shame,
Upon the Stars lay not the blame.

Emblem XXXVI.

Non te, ſed Nummos.

THE
Thirty-ſixth Emblem
Illuſtrated.

Thy ſeeming Lover falſe will be,
And love thy Money more than thee.

WHAT may the reaſon be ſo many wed,
And miſs the Bleſſings of a *joyful Bed*,
But thoſe ungodly and improper Ends,
For which this Age moſt *Marriages* intends?
Some love *plump fleſh*; and thoſe as kind will be
To any gameſom *Wanton*, as to thee.
Some dote on *Honours*; and all ſuch will prize
Thy Perſon meerly for thy *Dignities*.
Some fancy *Pleaſures*; and ſuch *Flirts* as they
With ev'ry *Hobby-horſe* will run away.

Some

Some (like this *Couple* in our *Emblem* here)
Wooe hard for *Wealth*; and very kind appear,
Till they have won their Prize: but then they
shew
On what their best *Affections* they bestow.

This *Wealth*, is that sweet *Beauty*, which
prefers
So many to their *Executioners*.
This is that rare *Perfection*, for whose sake
The *Politician* doth his *Marriage* make.
Yea, most of those whom you shall married find,
Were cozen'd (or did cozen) in this kind;
And for some *by-respects* they came together,
Much more than for the sakes of one another.
If this concerns thee now, in any sense,
For thy Instruction take this warning hence:
If thou hast err'd already, then lament
Thy passed Crime, and bear thy Punishment.
If thou, as yet, but tempted art to err;
Then let this *Emblem* be thy *Counseller*.

For I have said my Mind; which if thou slight,
Go, and repent it on thy *Wedding-Night*.

Lot. 36.

THIS Lot may make us all ſuſpect
That ſome wrong Object you affect.
And that where *Dearneſs* you pretend,
It is not for the nobleſt end.

What Miſchief from ſuch Falſhood flows
Your Emblem very truly ſhows.
And may more happy make your Fate,
If this Advice come not too late.

Emblem XXXVII.

Emb: 37.

Virtute ac Studio per Orbem Fama perpetua comparatur.

The

THE Thirty-ſeventh Emblem Illuſtrated.

By Studiouſneſs in Virtues ways,
Men gain an univerſal Praiſe.

WHen *Emblems* of too many parts conſiſt,
Their Author was no choice *Emblematiſt:*
But is like thoſe that waſte whole *Hours* to tell,
What in three *Minutes* might be ſaid as well.
Yet when each Member is interpreted,
Out of theſe vulgar *Figures* you may read
A *Moral*, (altogether) not unfit
To be remember'd, ev'n by *Men of wit.*
And if the *Kernel* prove to be of worth,
No matter from what *Shell* we drew it forth.

The *Square* whereon the *Globe* is placed here,
Muſt *Vertue* be ; That *Globe* upon the *Square*
Muſt mean the *World* ; The *Figure* in the *Round*
(Which in appearance doth her *Trumpet* ſound)
Was made for *Fame* ; The *Book* ſhe bears, may
ſhow
What *Breath* it is which makes her *Trumpet* blow:
The *Wreath* incloſing all, was to intend
A glorious *Praiſe*, that never ſhall have end.
And theſe in one ſumm'd up, do ſeem to ſay,
That (if Men *ſtudy* in a *vertuous way)*
The *Trumpet* of a never-ceaſing *Fame*,
Shall thro' the *World* proclaim their praiſeful *Name.*

Now, *Reader*, if large *Fame* be thy Ambition,
This *Emblem* doth inform on what condition
She may be gain'd : But (herein me believe)
Thy *ſtudy* for meer Praiſe will thee deceive :
And if thy *Vertues* be but only thoſe
For which the vulgar *Fame* her *Trumpet* blows,

Thy *Fame*'s a Blaſt ; Thy *Vertues* Vices be ;
Thy *Study*'s vain, and *Shame* will follow thee.

Lot 37.

THou ſeek'ſt for Fame, and now art ſhown
For what her Trumpet ſhall be blown.
Thine Emblem alſo doth declare,
What Fame they get who Virtuous are,

For Praiſe alone; And what Reward
For ſuch like Studies is prepar'd.
Peruſe it; and this Counſel take,
Be Virtuous for meer Virtue's ſake.

Emblem XXXVIII.

Deus nobis hæc Otia fecit.

THE Thirty-eighth Emblem Illuſtrated.

The Goſpel thankfully embrace;
For God vouchſafed us this Grace.

THis modern *Emblem* is a mute expreſſing
Of *God's* great Mercies in a *Modern-bleſſing*;
And gives me now juſt cauſe to ſing his praiſe,
For granting me my Being in theſe Days.
The much-deſired *Meſſages* of Heav'n,
For which our *Fathers* would their Lives have giv'n,
And (in *Groves*, *Caves* and *Mountains*, once a Year)
Were glad, with hazard of their Goods, to hear;

Or, in lefs bloody times, at their own homes,
To hear in private and obfcured Rooms.
Lo! thofe, thofe *joyful Tydings*, we do live,
Divulg'd in every *Village* to perceive;
And that the Sounds of *Gladnefs* eccho may,
Thro' all our goodly *Temples* ev'ry day.

This was (Oh God) *thy doing*; *unto thee,*
Afcrib'd for ever let all Praifes be.
Prolong this Mercy, *and vouchfafe the* Fruit
May to thy Labour *on this* Vineyard *fuit*;
Left for our Fruitlefnefs, thy Light of Grace
Thou from our Golden Candleftick *difplace.*

We do, me-thinks, already, Lord, *begin*
To wantonize, *and let that* loathing *in*
Which makes thy Manna *taftlefs: And I fear,*
That of thofe Chriftians *who more often* hear
Than practife what they know, *we have too many:*
And I fufpect my felf *as much as any.*
Oh! mend me *fo, that by amending* me,
Amends in others *may increafed be:*

And let all Graces *which thou haft beftow'd,*
Return thee honour, *from whom firft they flow'd.*

Lot 38.

BY this thy Lot thou doſt appear,
To be of thoſe who love to hear
The Preacher's Voice: Or elſe of them,
That undervalue or contemn

Thoſe daily ſhowers of wholſom Words,
Which God in theſe our times affords.
Now which ſoe're of theſe thou be,
Thine Emblem ſomething teacheth thee.

Emblem XXXIX.

Spernit Pericula Virtus.

The

THE
Thirty-ninth Emblem Illuſtrated.

An Innocent no Danger fears,
How great ſoever it appears.

WHen ſome did ſeek *Arion* to have drown'd,
He with a valiant heart his Temples crown'd;
And when to drench him in the Seas they meant,
He plaid on his melodious *Inſtrument*;
To ſhew that *Innocence* diſdained Fear,
Tho' to be ſwallow'd in the *Deeps* it were.
Nor did it periſh, for upon her Back
A *Dolphin* took him, for his *Muſick's* ſake:
To intimate, that *Vertue* ſhall prevail
With *Brutiſh* Creatures, if with Men it fail.

Moſt

Moſt vain is then their Hope, who dream they can
Make wretched, or undo an *honeſt Man:*
For he whom vertuous *Innocence* adorns,
Inſults o're *Cruelties*, and *Peril* ſcorns.
Yea, that by which Men purpoſe to *undo* him,
(In their deſpight) ſhall bring great *Honours* to him.

Arion-like, the Malice of the *World*,
Hath into *Seas* of *Troubles* often hurl'd
Deſerving Men; altho' no Cauſe they had,
But that their *Words* and *Works* ſweet *Muſick* made.
Of all their outward Helps it hath bereft them,
Nor means, nor hopes of Comfort have been left them,
But ſuch as in the Houſe of *Mourning* are,
And what *good Conſcience* can afford them there.
Yet, *Dolphin*-like, their *Innocence* hath rear'd
Their Heads above thoſe *Dangers* that appear'd.
God hath vouchſaf'd their harmleſs Cauſe to heed,
And ev'n in Thraldom ſo their Hearts hath freed,

That whil'ſt they ſeem'd oppreſſed and forlorn,
They *joy'd* and *ſung*, and *laugh'd the World to ſcorn.*

Lot 39.

YOU have been wronged many ways,
Yet Patient are, and that's your Praiſe.
Your Actions alſo ſeem'd upright,
Yet ſome there are that bear you ſpight.

Leſt therefore you diſcourag'd grow,
An Emblem you have drawn to ſhow,
What other Innocents have born,
And how the Envious World to ſcorn.

Emblem XL.

Emb: 40.

Non uno Sternitur ictu.

THE
Fortieth Emblem
Illuſtrated.

By many ſtrokes the Work is done,
Which cannot be perform'd by one.

DEſpair not, *Man*, in what thou ought'ſt to do,
Altho' thou fail when one *Attempt* is made;
But add a *New Endeavour* thereunto,
And then another, and another add:
Yea, till thy Power and Life ſhall quite be ſpent,
Perſiſt in ſeeking what thou ſhould'ſt deſire;
For he that falleth from a good *Intent*,
Deſerves not that to which he did aſpire.
Rich *Treaſures* are by *Nature* placed deep,
And e'er we gain them we muſt pierce the *Rocks*:

Such

Such *Perils* alſo them as *Guardians* keep,
That none can win them without wounds and knocks.
Moreover, *Glories*, *Thrones*, are ſo ſublime,
That whoſoever thinks their Top to gain,
Till many thouſand weary ſteps he climb,
Doth fool himſelf by Muſings which are vain.

And yet there is a *Path-way* which doth lead
Above the higheſt things that Men can ſee;
And (tho' it be not known to all who tread
The *Common Tract*) it may aſcended be.
As therefore none ſhould greater things preſume
Than well becomes their Strength; ſo none ſhou'd fear
(Thro' *Folly*, *Sloth*, or *Baſeneſs*) to aſſume
Such things upon them which beſeeming are.
Since by *Degrees* we many things ſee wrought,
That ſeem'd impoſſible to have been done,
When they were firſt conceived in the thought,
And ſuch as theſe we may adventure on.

My *Arm* I know in time will fell an *Oak*;
But I will ne'er attempt it at at a *Stroak*.

Lot 40.

THIS Lot befell the for the nonce,
For if things come not all at once,
Thou to deſpairing ſoon doſt run,
Or leav'ſt the Work that's well begun.

Which to prevent regardful be,
Of what thine Emblem counſels thee.

Emblem XLI.

Emblem XLI.

Emb: 41.

Ne tenear.

The

THE
Forty-first Emblem
Illustrated.

Occasions past are sought in vain;
But oft they wheel about again.

UNwise are they that spend their youthful *Prime*
In Vanities; as if they did suppose
That Men at pleasure might redeem the *Time*;
For they a fair Advantage fondly lose.
As ill advis'd be those, who having lost
The first *Occasions*, to *despairing* run:
For *Time* hath *Revolutions*; and the most,
For their Affairs have *Seasons* more than one.

Nor

Nor is their Folly ſmall who much depend
On *Tranſitory things*, as if their Power
Cou'd bring to paſs what ſhou'd not have an *End*,
Or compaſs that which *Time* will not devour.

The firſt *Occaſions* therefore ſee thou take
(Which offer'd are) to bring thy hopes about;
And mind thou ſtill what *Haſte* away they make,
Before thy ſwift-pac'd Hours are quite run out.
Yet, if an *Opportunity* be paſt,
Deſpair not thou, as they that hopeleſs be;
Since *Time* may ſo revolve again at laſt,
That *New Occaſions* may be offer'd thee.
And ſee thou truſt not on thoſe fading things,
Which by thine own *Endeavours* thou acquir'ſt,
For *Time* (which her own *Births* to ruin brings)
Will ſpare not *thee*, nor ought which thou deſir'ſt.
His *Properties* and *Uſes*, what they are,
In vain obſerv'd will be when he is fled:
That they in ſeaſon therefore may appear,
Our *Emblem* thus hath him deciphered;

Bald ſave before, and ſtanding on a *Wheel*,
A *Razor* in his Hand, a *Winged Heel*.

Lot 41.

MUch Liberty thou haſt aſſum'd,
And heretofore ſo much preſum'd
On Time, which always rideth poſt,
That for a while ſome Hopes are croſt.

But ſee, to keep thee from Deſpair,
And thy Misfortune to repair,
Mark what to thee thy Lot doth tell,
And Practiſe what is Counſell'd well.

Emblem XLII.

Viribus jungenda Sapientia.

THE Forty-ſecond Emblem Illuſtrated.

When great Attempts are undergone,
Join Strength and Wiſdom both in one.

IF *(Reader)* thou deſirous be to know
What by the *Centaur* ſeemeth here intended;
What alſo by the *Snake*, and by the *Bow*,
Which in his hand he beareth alway bended:
Learn, that this *half-a-man*, and *halfe-a-horſe*,
Is antient *Hieroglyphick*, teaching thee,
That *Wiſdom* ſhou'd be joyn'd with outward *Force*,
If proſperous we deſire our Works to be.

His

His *Upper Part* the ſhape of *Man* doth bear,
To teach that *Reaſon* muſt become our *Guide:*
The *Hinder Parts* a *Horſe's* Members are,
To ſhew that we muſt alſo *Strength* provide.
The *Serpent* and the *Bow* do ſignifie
The ſame (or matter to the ſame effect;)
And by two *Types* one *Moral* to imply,
Is doubled a *fore-warning* of *Neglect.*
When *Knowledge* wanteth *Power* deſpis'd we grow,
And *know* but how to aggravate our Pain:
Great *Strength* will work its own ſad Overthrow,
Unleſs it guided be with *Wiſdom's* Rein.

Therefore, O God, *vouchſafe thou ſo to marry*
The Gifts of Soul *and* Body *both in me,*
That I may ſtill have all things neceſſary
To work, as I commanded am by thee.
And let me not poſſeſs them, Lord, alone,
But alſo know *their uſe; and ſo well* know *it,*
That I may do each Duty *to be done;*
And with upright Intentions always do it,

If this be more than yet obtain I may,
My Will *accept thou for the* Deed *I pray.*

Lot. 42.

GReat things to do thou haſt a mind,
But power thereto thou canſt not find;
Sometimes thy Power doth ſeem to fit,
But then thou faileſt in thy Wit.

Such Undertakings therefore chuſe,
(If thou thy Time wilt not abuſe)
As to thy Power and Wit agree,
And then let both imployed be.

Emblem XLIII.

Emb: 43.

In Silentio & Spe.

The

THE Forty-third Emblem Illuſtrated.

They that in Hope and Silence live,
The beſt Contentment may atchieve.

IF thou deſire to cheriſh true *Content*,
And in a troublous time that courſe to take,
Which may be likely miſchiefs to prevent,
Some uſe of this our *Hieroglyphick* make.
The *Fryer's Habit* ſeemeth to import,
That thou (as antient *Monks* and *Fryers* did)
Shouldſt live remote from places of reſort,
And in *retiredneſs* lie cloſely hid.
The *claſped-Book* doth warn thee to retain
Thy *thoughts* within the compaſs of thy breaſt;

And in a quiet *ſilence* to remain,
Until thy mind may ſafely be expreſt.
That *Anchor* doth inform thee, that thou muſt
Walk on in *Hope*; and in thy Pilgrimage
Bear up (without *deſpairing* or *diſtruſt*)
Thoſe wrongs and ſufferings which attend thine *Age*.

For whenſoe'er *Oppreſſion* groweth rife,
Obſcureneſs is more ſafe than *Eminence*;
He that then keeps his *Tongue*, may keep his *Life*,
Till times will better favour *Innocence*.
Truth ſpoken where *untruth* is more approved,
Will but enrage the malice of thy Foes;
And otherwhile a wicked Man is moved
To ceaſe from wrong, if no man him oppoſe.

Let this our *Emblem* therefore counſel thee,
Thy Life in ſafe *Retiredneſs* to ſpend;
Let in thy breaſt thy thoughts reſerved be,
Till thou art laid where none can thee offend.

And whilſt moſt others give their *Fancy ſcope*,
Enjoy thy ſelf in *Silence* and in *Hope*.

Lot 43.

THou haſt in Publick lived long,
And overfreely us'd thy Tongue.
But if thy ſafety thou deſire,
Be ſilent and thy ſelf retire.

And if thou wilt not be undone,
Poſſeſs thy *Joys* and *Hopes* alone.
For they that will from harm be free,
Muſt quiet and obſcured be.

Emblem XLIV.

Emb: 44.

Non eſt Mortale quod opto.

The

THE
Forty-fourth Emblem
Illuſtrated.

Take Wing, my Soul, and mount up higher;
For Earth fulfils not my Deſire.

WHen *Ganymed* himſelf was purifying,
Great *Jupiter*, his naked beauty ſpying,
Sent forth his *Eagle* (from below to take him)
A bleſt Inhabitant in Heav'n to make him:
And there (as Poets feigned) he doth ſtill,
To *Jove*, and other *God-heads*, Nectar fill.

Though this be but a *Fable* of their feigning,
The *Moral* is a *real truth*, pertaining.

To ev'ry one (which harbours a desire
Above the Starry *Circles* to aspire.)
By *Ganymed* the *Soul* is understood,
That's washed in the *Purifying flood*
Of sacred *Baptism* (which doth make her seem
Both pure and beautiful in *God*'s esteem.)
The *Ægle* means that Heav'nly *Contemplation*,
Which, after Washings of *Regeneration*,
Lifts-up the *Mind* from things that earthly be,
To view those *Objects* which *Faith's* Eyes do see.
The *Nectar* which is filled out and given
To all the bless'd *Inhabitants of Heaven*,
Are those *Delights* which *(Christ* hath said) they have
When some *Repentant Soul* begins to leave
Her foulness; by renewing of her *birth*,
And slighting all the *Pleasures* of the Earth.

I ask not, *Lord*, those Blessings to receive,
Which any Man hath pow'r to take, or give;
Nor what this World affords; for I contemn
Her favours, and have seen the best of them.

Nay, *Heav'n* it self will unsufficient be,
Unless *Thou* also give *Thy self* to me.

Lot 44.

THis Lot pertaineth unto thoſe,
(But who they be, God only knows)
Who to the World have no deſire,
But up to Heavenly things aſpire;

No doubt but you in ſome degree
Indu'd with ſuch Affections be,
And got this Emblem, that you might
Encourag'd be in ſuch a flight.

Emblem XLV.

Emb: 45.

Dum Clavum rectum Teneam.

THE
Forty fifth Emblem Illuſtrated.

He that his Courſe directly ſteers,
Nor Storms, nor windy Cenſures fears.

WE to the *Sea* this *World* may well compare;
For every Man which liveth in the ſame,
Is as a *Pilot*, to ſome *Veſſel* there,
Of little ſize, or elſe of larger frame.

Some have the *Boats* of their own *Life* to guide
Some of whole *Families* do row the *Barge*,
Some govern petty Town-ſhips too beſide,
(To thoſe compar'd, which of ſmall *Barks* have charge;)

Some,

Some others rule great *Provinces*, and they
Reſemble *Captains* of huge *Argoſes:*
But when of *Kingdoms*, any gain the Sway,
To *Generals of Fleets* we liken theſe.

Each hath his proper *Courſe* to him aſſign'd,
His *Card*, his *Compaſs*, his due *Tacklings* too;
And if their Buſineſs, as they ought, they mind,
They may accompliſh all they have to do.
But moſt Men leave the Care of their own *Courſe*,
To judge, or follow, others in their ways;
And when their Follies make their Fortunes worſe,
They curſe the *Deſtiny*, which they ſhou'd praiſe.
For *Waves* and *Winds*, and that oft-changing *Weather*,
Which many blame, as Cauſe of all their *Loſſes*,
(Tho' they obſerve it not) helps bring together
Thoſe *Hopes*, which their own *Wiſdom* often croſſes.
Regard not therefore much what thoſe things be,
Which come, without thy fault, to thwart thy *Way*;
Nor how *Raſh-Lookers-on* will cenſure thee;
But faithfully to do thy part aſſay.

For if thou ſhalt not from this *Counſel* vary,
Let my *Hopes* fail me, if thy *Hopes* miſcarry.

Lot 45.

THY Hopes and Fears are always ſuch,
That they afflict, and pain thee much;
Becauſe thou giv'ſt too great a ſcope
Unto thy *Fear*, or to thy *Hope*.

For they will vex, or pleaſure thee,
As they enlarg'd, or curbed be.
But ſee, thine Emblem, if thou pleaſe,
Inſtructs thee how to manage theſe.

Emblem XLVI.

Ubi Helena, ibi Troja.

THE
Forty-ſixth Emblem
Illuſtrated.

Where Helen *is there will be war;*
For Death and Luſt Companions are.

THeir fooliſh humour I could ne'er affect,
Who dare for any cauſe the *Stews* frequent:
And thither, where I juſtly might ſuſpect
A *Strumpet* liv'd, as yet I never went.
For when (as *Fools* pretend) they go to ſeek
Experience, where more *Ill* than *Good* they ſee,
They venture for their *Knowledge*, *Adam* like;
And ſuch as his will their *Atchievements* be.

Let therefore thoſe that wou'd looſe *Truls* deteſt,
Converſe with none but thoſe that modeſt are;

For

For they that can of *Whoredom* make a Jeſt,
Will entertain it e'er they be aware.
Chaſt-Company and *Chaſt-Diſcourſe* doth make
The Mind more pleaſed with it ev'ry day;
And *Frequent views of Wantonneſs* will take
The Senſe and Hatred of the *Vice* away.

Some I have known by *Harlots* Wiles undone,
Who but *to ſee their Faſhions* firſt pretended;
And they that went *for Company* alone,
By ſudden Quarrels there their Days have ended.
For in the Lodgings of a *Luſtful Woman*
Immodeſt *Impudence* hath ſtill her Being;
There *Fury*, *Fraud* and *Cruelties* are common;
And there is *Want*, and *Shame*, and *Diſagreeing*.
Ev'n *Beauty* of it ſelf ſtirs looſe Deſires,
Occaſioning both *Jealouſies* and *Fears*;
It kindleth in the Breaſt concealed *Fires*,
Which burn the Heart, before the *Flame* appears:

And ev'ry day experienced are we,
That there, where *Helen* is, *Troy*'s Fate will be.

Lot 46.

YOur Lot is very much to blame,
Or elſe your Perſon, or your Name,
Hath injur'd been; or may have wrong
By ſome looſe *Wanton* e're't be long.

Therefore e'er hence you go away,
Mark what your Emblem here doth ſay;
Perhaps by drawing of this Lot
Some Harms prevention may be got.

Emblem XLVII.

Emblem XLVII.

Conſequitur quodcunque petit. Emb. 47.

The

THE
Forty-ſeventh Emblem
Illuſtrated.

Who by good means good things would gain,
Shall never ſeek nor ask in vain.

IN vain fair *Cynthia* never taketh pains,
Nor faints in following her deſired *Game*;
And when at any Mark her Bow ſhe ſtrains,
The winged Arrow ſurely hits the ſame.
Her *Picture* therefore in this place doth ſhew
The Nature of their *Minds*, who, *Cynthia*-like,
With *Conſtancy* their *Purpoſes* purſue,
And faint not till they compaſs what they ſeek.
For nought more *God-like* in this World is found,
Then ſo *reſolv'd a Man*, that nothing may

His

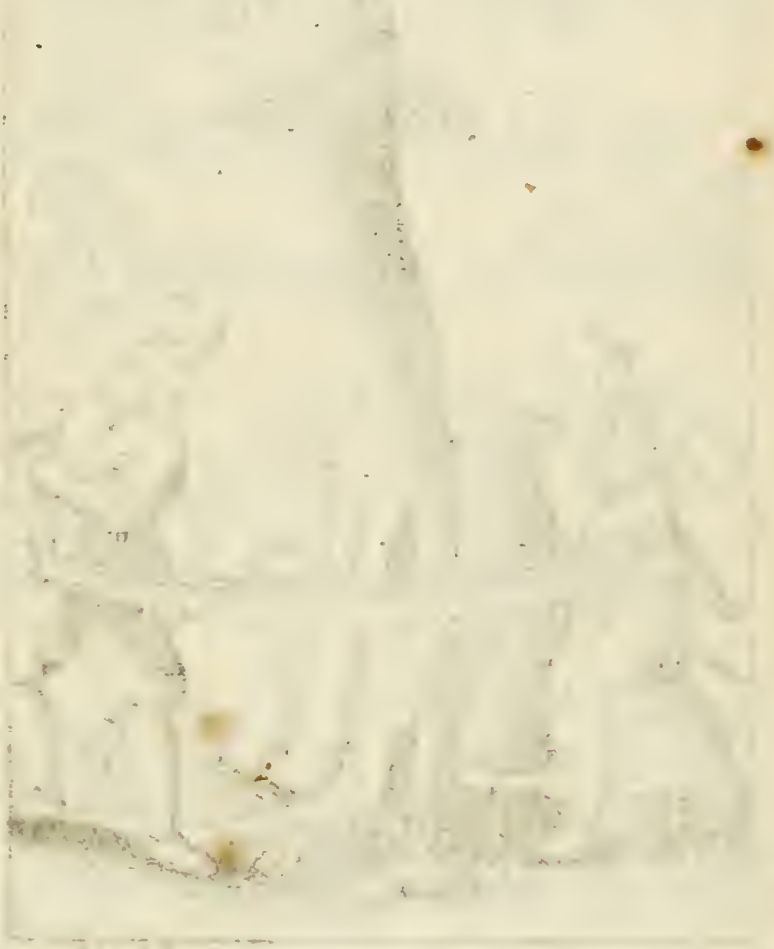
His *Reſolution* alter or confound,
When any taſk of *worth* he doth aſſay.
Nor is there greater Baſeneſs than thoſe *Minds*
That from an *honeſt purpoſe* can be wrought
By *Threatnings*, *Bribes*, *ſmooth Gales* or *boiſt'rous Winds*,
Whatever colour or excuſe be brought.

You then that would with *Pleaſure*, *Glory* gain,
Diana like, thoſe modeſt things require
Which truly may beſeem you to attain,
And ſtoutly follow that which you deſire.
For changing tho' the *Moon* to us appear,
She holds a firm Dependance on the *Sun*,
And by a *conſtant Motion* in her *Sphere*,
With him doth in *Conjunction* often run.
So *conſtant Men* ſtill move their hopes to win,
But never by a *Motion indirect* ;
Nor will they ſtop the Courſe that they are in,
Until they bring their purpoſe to effect.

For whoſoever *Honeſt things* requires,
A *Promiſe* hath of all that he deſires.

Lot 47.

IF any thing you do design,
Pursue it with a vigorous mind;
And if you hope to gather fruit,
Be constant in your hopes pursuit.



For by your Emblem you may find,
The Stars to you are well inclin'd:
Provided your Attempts be good,
For that must still be understood.

Emblem XLVIII.

Emb. 48.

Nuſquam tuta fides.

THE Forty-eighth Emblem Illuſtrated.

Uſe Caution whereſoe'er you be,
For from Deceit no place is free.

SOme write (but on what grounds I cannot tell)
That they who near unto the *Deſerts* dwell,
Where *Elephants* are found, do notice take,
What trees they haunt, their ſleeping ſtocks to make;
That, when they reſt againſt an half-ſawn ſtem,
It (falling) may betray thoſe Beaſts to them.

Now, tho' the part *Hiſtorical* may err,
The *Moral*, which this *Emblem* doth infer,

Is

Is over true; and ſeemeth to imply,
The *World* to be ſo full of Treachery,
As that no corner of it found can be,
In which from Falſhoods Engines we are free.

I have obſerv'd the *City*, and I find
The *Citizens* are civil, grave and kind;
Yet many are deluded by their ſhows,
And cheated, when they truſt in them repoſe.
I have been oft at *Court*, where I have ſpent
Some idle time, to hear them *Compliment*:
But I have ſeen in *Courtiers* ſuch deceit,
That for their Favours I could never wait.
I do frequent the *Church*, and I have hear'd
God's judgments by the *Preachers* there declar'd
Againſt mens falſhoods; and I gladly hear
Their zealous *Prayers*, and good *Counſels* there;
But as I live, I find ſome ſuch as they,
Will watch to do a miſchief if they may.
Nay, thoſe poor ſneaking *Clowns*, who ſeek their living,
As if they knew no manner of deceiving,

Ev'n *thoſe* their *wit* can (this way) ſo apply,
That they'll ſoon cozen wiſer men than I.

Lot 48.

SOme Foes for thee do lie in wait,
Where thou ſuſpecteſt no Deceit.
Yea, many do thy hurt intend,
Who yet pretend the Name of Friend.

Be therefore careful whom you truſt,
What ways thou walk'ſt, and what thou doſt;
For by thine Emblem thou may'ſt ſee,
That warineſs will needful be.

Emblem XLIX.

Omnis Caro Fœnum.

THE Forty-ninth Emblem Illuſtrated.

All Fleſh is like the wither'd Hay.
It ſprings, and grows, and fades away.

THIS *Infant*, and this little Truſs of *Hay*,
When they are moralized, ſeem to ſay,
That *Fleſh* is but a Tuft of Morning *Graſs*,
Both green and wither'd, e'er the Day-light paſs.
And ſuch we truly find it; for behold,
As ſoon as Man is born, he waxeth old
In Griefs, in Sorrows, or Neceſſities;
And withers ev'ry Hour, until he dies:
Now flouriſhing as *Graſs*, when it is grown,
Strait periſhing as *Graſs*, when it is mown.

If we with other things Man's *Age* compare,
His *Life* is but a *Day* (for equall'd are
His *Years* with *Hours*; his *Months* will *Minutes* be
Fit Parallels; and ev'ry *Breathing* we
May term a *Day*) yet ſome, ev'n at the *Night*
Of that ſhort *Day*, are dead and wither'd quite.
Before the *Morning* of our Lives be done,
The *Fleſh* oft fades: Sometimes it grows till *Noon*:
But there's no Mortal *Fleſh*, that will abide
Unparched longer than till *Ev'ning-tide*.
For in it ſelf it always carries that,
Which helpeth ſo it ſelf to ruinate,
That tho' it feel nor *Storm*, nor ſcorching *Flame*,
An inbred *Canker* will conſume the ſame.
Conſidering well, and well remembring this,
Account the *Fleſh* no better than it is:
Wrong not thine everlaſting *Soul*, to cheriſh
A *Gourd*, which in a Moment's time will periſh.

Give it the tendance fit for fading *Crops*;
But for *Hay-harveſt*, loſe not better Hopes.

Lot. 49.

THY Fleſh thou lov'ſt, as if it were
The chiefeſt Object of thy Care;
And of ſuch Value, as may ſeem
Well meriting thy beſt eſteem.

But now to baniſh that Conceit,
Thy Lot an Emblem brings to ſight,
Which without Flatt'ry ſhews to thee,
Of what Regard it ought to be.

Emblem L.

Emb: 50.

Sic transit Gloria Mundi.

The

THE
Fiftieth Emblem
Illuſtrated.

Ev'n as the Smoke doth paſs away,
So ſhall all Worldly Pomp decay.

SOME better *Arguments*, than yet I ſee,
I muſt perceive, and better Cauſes why
To thoſe gay things I ſhould addicted be,
To which the Vulgar their *Affections* tie.
I have conſider'd *Scepters*, *Mitres*, *Crowns*,
With each Appurtenance to them belonging;
My *Heart* hath ſearch'd their *Glories* and *Renowns*,
And all the pleaſant things about them thronging;

My *Soul* hath truly weigh'd, and took the Measure
Of *Riches* (which the most have so desir'd)
I have distill'd the Quintessence of *Pleasure*,
And seen those Objects that are most admir'd.
I likewise feel all *Passions* and *Affections*,
That help to cheat the *Reason*, and persuade
That those poor *Vanities* have some Perfections,
Whereby their Owners happy might be made.

Yet when that I have rouz'd my *Understanding*,
And cleans'd my Heart from some of that Corruption,
Which hinders in me *Reason's* free commanding,
And shews things without Vails or Interruption;
Then they, methinks, as fruitless do appear,
As *Bubbles* (wherewithal young Children play);
Or, as the *Smoke*, which in our *Emblem* here,
Now makes a show, and strait consumes away.

Be pleas'd, Oh God! *my Value may be such,*
Of ev'ry outward Blessing *here below,*
That I may neither love them over-much,
Nor underprize the Gifts *thou shalt bestow:*

But know the Use of all these fading *Smokes*,
And be refresh'd by that which others chokes.

Lot 50.

IN outward Pomp thy Pleaſures are,
Thy Hope of Bliſs is placed there:
And thou this Folly wilt not leave,
Till of Content it thee bereave;

Unleſs thou timely come to ſee
How vain all earthly Glories be.
An Emblem therefore thou haſt gain'd,
By which this Knowledge is obtain'd.

These Six following Chances or Lots have no Emblems belonging to them, and therefore you need look no further for them, but make the best of what you have got, these being only added for Sport and Recreation.

51.

THY Lot no Answer will bestow
To that which thou desir'st to know:
Nor canst thou here an Emblem find
Which to thy Purpose is inclin'd.
Perhaps it is too late to crave
What thou desirest now to have:
Or but in vain to mention that,
Which thy Ambition aimeth at.
Then take it not in evil part,
That with a Blank thou answer'd art.

52.

IT proves a Blank; for to what end
Shou'd we a serious Moral spend,
Where *Teachings*, *Warnings* and *Advice*,
Esteemed are of little Price?
Your only purpose is to look
Upon the Pictures of this Book;
When more Discretion you have got,
An Emblem shall attend your Lot.

53.

THESE Lots are almoſt five to one
Above the Blanks, yet thou haſt none;
If thus thy Fortune ſtill proceed,
'Tis five to one if well thou ſpeed.
Yet if thou doſt not much neglect,
To do as Wiſdom ſhall direct,
It is a thouſand unto five,
But thou in all thy Hopes wilt thrive.

54.

YOU may be glad you drew not that,
Which in your Mind you gueſſed at.
For it ſo points out that Condition,
Whereof you give a great Suſpicion,
That had it ſuch an Emblem nam'd
As fits you right, you had been ſham'd.
Since then your Fault is unreveal'd,
Amend, and keep it ſtill conceal'd.

55.

YOU in your ſecret Thoughts deſpiſe,
To think an Emblem ſhou'd adviſe,
Or give you cauſe to mind or heed,
Thoſe things whereof you may have need.
And therefore when the Lot you try'd,
An Anſwer juſtly was deny'd.
Yet (by your leave) there are but few,
Who need *Good Counſel more than you.*

56.

THE *Chance* which thou obtained haſt,
Of all the *Chances* is the laſt.

And

And casting up the Total Sums,
We find thy *Gain* to *Nothing* comes.
Yet if it well be understood,
This *Chance* may chance to do thee Good;
For it foretels what Portion shall,
To ev'ry one at last befall.
And warns while something is enjoy'd,
That it be always well imploy'd.

CONCLUSIONS.

1.

THE Glories of our Birth and State
Are Shadows, not substantial things.
There is no Armour 'gainst our Fate,
Death lays his Icy Hands on Kings.
Scepter and Crown
Must tumble down,
And in the Dust be equal laid
With the poor crooked Sythe and Spade.

2.

Some Men with Swords may reap the Field,
And plant fresh Laurels where they kill.
But their strong Nerves at length must yield;
They tame but one another still.
Early or late,
They stoop to Fate,
And must give up their murm'ring Breath,
Whilst the pale Captive creeps to Death.

3.

The Laurel withers on your Brow,
Then boast no more your mighty Deeds;
For on Death's Purple Altar now,
See where the Victor, Victim bleeds.
All Heads must come
To the cold Tomb.
Only the Actions of the Just
Smell sweet and blossom in the Dust.

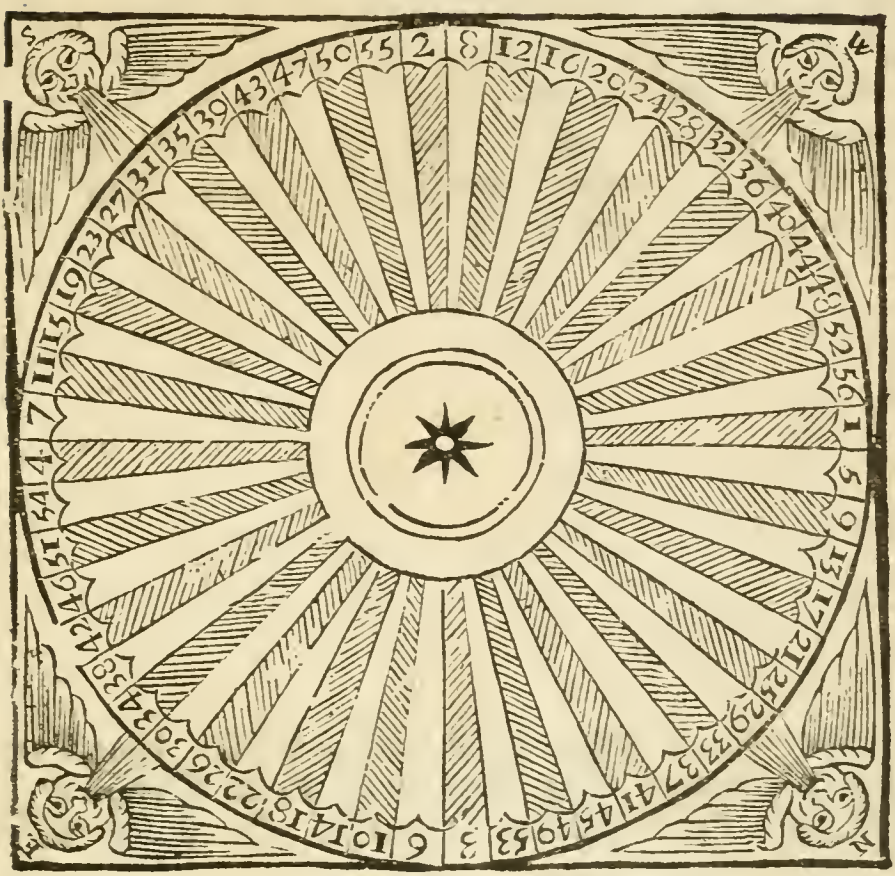
Dire-

Directions for finding the Chances in the following Lottery.

TUrn about the Index, upon the following Lottery or Figure, without caſting your Eyes thereupon to obſerve where it ſtayeth, till your Hand ceaſeth to give it motion; and then look upon what number it reſteth; then look for the ſame number among the Lots, which having read, it directs you to the Emblem of the ſame number likewiſe; if the Letter M be ſet before the Lot (as it is in three or four places) then that Lot is proper only to a Man, and therefore if it happen to a Woman let her take the next Chance, whether it be Blank or Lot. If it be any number above fifty, there being fifty-ſix in all, it is a Blank Chance, and you may look for your Lot at the latter end of the Book among the ſix laſt Chances which are without Emblems. The Tryal whereof is thus contrived without Dice, leſt by the Familiar uſe of them they might ſometimes occaſion expenſive and pernicious Gaming.

But
If King, Queen, Prince, *or any one that ſprings*
From Perſons, known to be deriv'd from Kings,
Shall ſeek for Sport ſake *hence to draw their* Lots;
Our Author *ſays, that he provided not*
For ſuch as thoſe ; *Becauſe it were too much*
For him, to find out Fortunes *fit for ſuch,*
Who, (as he thinks) ſhould rather Aid *ſupply*
For him to mend his evil Fortunes *by.*
To them *he therefore pleaſed is to give*
This noble, and this large Prerogative ;
That they ſhall chuſe from hence, what Lots *they pleaſe*
And make them better, if they like not theſe.
All other Perſonages, *of* High Degree,
That will profeſs our Author's Friends to be,
This Freedom, *likewiſe have, that till they find*
A Lot, *which is agreeing to their mind,*
They ſhall have liberty anew to try
Their ſought-for Chance: And ev'ry time apply
The Morals *they diſliked, unto thoſe*
Which are, ill-qualifi'd, among their Foes.
All others who this Game, *Adventure will,*
Muſt bear their Fortunes, *be they Good or Ill.*

The Figure or Lottery.



THis Game occaſions not the frequent crime
Of ſwearing, or miſpending of our time,
Nor loſs of money, for the Play is ſhort,
And every Gameſter winneth by the ſport:
We therefore Judge, it may as well become,
The *Hall*, the Parlor, or the *Dining Room*,
As Cheſs or Tables; and we think the price
Will be as low, becauſe it needs no Dice.

F I N I S.

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